



David Simpson



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P V B L I I.

OVIDII NASONIS

DE ARTE AMANDI:

OR,

The Art of Loue.

The Proheme or Introduction.

IF there be any in this multitude,
 That in the art of Loue is dull and rude,
 Me let him reade, and these my lines rehearse,
 He shall be made a Doctor by my verse.
 By art of sailes and oares Seas are diuided,
 By art the Chariot runnes: by art Loue's guided:
 By art are bridles rein'd in, or let slip:
 Typhis by art did guide the Hemonian ship.
 And me hath Venus her Arts master made,
 To teach her Science, and set up her trade:
 And time succeeding shall call me alone,
 Loue's expert Typhis and Antomedon.
 Loue in himself is apish and vntoward,
 Yet being a child, Ile whip him when he's froward:
 Achilles in his youth was taught to run
 On the stringed Lute a sweete diuision

Art on his rude and sterne aspect did cease,
 Instructing him in old *Phileides*:
 He that so oft his friends, so oft his foes,
 Made quake and tremble when he would disclose.
 His furious rage was knowne to be a Sutor,
 And with submission kneele vnto his Tutor:
Aecides by *Chiron* was instructed,
 And by my art is loue himselfe conducted,
 Both goddes sonnes, *Venus* and *Tbetis* ioyes,
 Both shrewd, both waggish, and vnhappy boyes:
 Yet the stiffe Bulls necke by the yoke is worne,
 The proud Steed chews the bit which he doth scorn
 And though *Loues* darts my owne heart cleaues a fun-
 Yet by my art the wag shall be kept vnder, (der,
 And the more deep my flaming heart is found,
 The more I will reuenge me of my wound;
 Sacred *Apollo* witnesse of my flame,
 Behold thy arts I do not falsly clame,
 Of *Clios* sisters, loe I take no keepe,
 That in the vale of *Asca* feede their sheepe.
 Proud skie I teach of what I haue beene taster,
 Loue bids me speake Ile be your skilfull master:
 And what I speake is true thus I beg in
 Be present at my labours lones faire Queene.

Keep hence you modest maids and come not neare,
 That vse to blush and shamesfast garments weare,
 That haue scant ruffles & keepe your haire vnseene,
 Whose feet with your white aprons couered beene
 From *Vertas* virgins here no place is left,
 My muse sings *Venus* spoiles and *Loues* sweet theft,
 What kinde affections louers thoughts do pierce,
 And there shall be no fault in this my verse,

FINIS.

THE

THE FIRST BOOKE.

First thou that art a Freshman and art bent,
To beare Lones armes and follow *Cupid's* tent,
Find whom to loue, the next thing thou must
doe.

Learn how to speake her faire, to pleade and woe;
Last hauing wonne thy Mistris to thy iure,
He teach thee how to make that loue endure,
This is my aime, He keep within this space
And in this road my Chariot wheele shall trace,
Whilst thou liuest free and art a Batcheler,
The loue of one aboue the rest preferre:

To whom thy soule sayes, you alone content me,
But such a one shall not from heauen be sent thee,
Such are not dropt downe from the azure skies,
But thou must seeke her out with buri eyes:

Well knowes the Huntsman where his toyle to set,
And in what cenne the Boare his teeth doth whet:
Well knowes the Fowler where to lay his gin,
The fisher knowes what poole most fish are in;

And thou that studiest to become a lover,
Learn in what place most Virgins to discouer:
I do not bid thee saile the Seas to seeke,
Or trauell farre to find one thou dost like.

Like *Perseus* that among the *Negroes* sought,
 And faire *Andromade* from *Inde* brought;
 Or *Parris* who to steale that dainie peece,
 Trauell'd as farre as betwixt *Troy* and *Greece*,
 B'hold the populous *Citie* in her pride,
 Yields thee more choice then all the world beside.
 More eares of ripe corne growes not in the fields,
 Nor halfe so many boughes the *Forrest* yields:
 So many greene leaues growes not in the woods,
 Nor twine me so many fish in the salt floods.
 So many *Stars* in heauen you cannot see,
 As here be pretty wenches, *Rome*, in thee.
 Faire *Venus* in the *Citie* & her sonne,
 Is honoured with *Aeneas* his begun,
 If in young *Lasses* thou delight, behold,
 More *Virgins* thou maist see then can be told:
 If women of eniuerent age will ease thee,
 Amongst a thousand thou maist chose to please thee
 If ancient women, in the *Citie* bee
 Matrons admitted for their grauitie:
 To find a *Matron* *Widdow* or young *Maide*,
 Waike but at such time under *Pompies* shade.
 When as the *Sunne* mounts on the *Lions* backe,
 And store of all degrees thou shalt not lacke:
 Or to that marble walkie which was begun,
 And ended by a *Mother* and her *Sonne*.
 Abroad, at noone, betimes or euening late,
 That day which we to *Lute* conlecrate,
 Or to the fiftie sisters *Belus* daughters,
 That all saue one made of their husbands slaughters
 Or that same holiday we yearly keepe,
 In which faire *Venus* doth for *Adon* weepe,
 Or in the eauenith day sacred more then all,
 Which the lowes nation doe their *Sabboth* call:

Or

Or to the *Miempbien* Church, where many a vow,
 Is made to the *Egyptian Isis* and her cow:
 Or to the market place, which way is short,
 Women of all estates do there resort,
 Repaire else to the pulpets, euen the same
 In which our learned Orators declaime,
 Here often is the pleaders tongue stroke dumbe
 By those attractiue eyes that thither come.
 There he to whom anothers cause is knowne,
 Speaking of that, wants words to pleade his owne.
Venus reioycing smiles to see from farre,
 The Lawier made a client at the barre:
 But most of all I would haue thee stir,
 At the play time unto the Theater,
 Where thou shalt finde them thicke in a great nom-
 The matted seates, and the degrees to comber, (ber
 Amongst that goodly dew thou maist behold,
 Whom thou both lou'st, suerst to, & faine world hold
 Looke as the laden Ants march to and fro,
 And with their heauie burdens rooping go:
 Or as the Bee from flower to flower doth flie,
 Bearing each one her hony in her thigh:
 And round about the spacious fields do stray,
 So do the fairest women to a lay,
 That I haue wondred how it could include,
 Of beauties such a gallant multitude.
 There many a Captiue looke hath conquered beene
 Thither sole armed to see and to be seene:
 Great *Romulus* thou first these playes contriues,
 To get thy widdowed souldiers *Sabines* wiues,
 In those dayes from the marble house did waue,
 No saile, no silken flag, no ensigne braue:
 The tragick stage in that age was not red,
 There were no mixed colours tempered:

Then did the sceane want Art, the vnready stage.
 Was made of grasse and earth in that rude age.
 Round about which the boughs were thickly placed:
 The people did not think themselves disgraced:
 Of tuffe and heathie Sods to haue their seats,
 Made in degree of sods and masse peates.
 Thus plac'd in order, euery *Roman* bride,
 Into his Virgins eyes, and by her side.
 Sate him downe close, and leuerally did moue,
 The innocent *Sabine* women to their loue.
 And whilst the Piper *Thersites* rudely playde,
 And by her stamping with his foot had made,
 A signe unto the rest, there was a shout,
 Whose thrill report pierst all the ayre about.
 Now with a sione of rape giuen from the king,
 Round through the house the lustie *Romans* sing:
 Leauing no corner of the same unsought,
 Till euery one a frighted Virgin caught:
 Looke as the trembling Doue the Eagle flies,
 Or a young Lambe when he a Wolfe espies:
 So run these poore girles, filling the ayre with shrieks
 Emptying of all the colour in their pale checks,
 One teare possesse them all but not one looke
 This teares her haire, she hath her wits for looke.
 Some sadly sit, some on their mothers call,
 Some chafe, some flye, some stage but frightened all.
 Thus were the rauisht *Sabines* blushing led,
 Becoming shame unto each *Romans* bed:
 If any striu'd against it, strait her man,
 Would take her on his knee, whom feare made wan.
 And say why weepest thou, sweet what asist my deare
 Dry up those drops, these clouds of sorrow cleare
 Ile be to thee, if thou thy griefe wilt smother,
 Such as thy father was vnto thy mother.

Full well would *Romulus* his souldiers please,
 To giue them such faire Mistresses as these,
 If such rich wages thou wilt giue to me,
 Great *Romulus* thy souldier I will be;
 From that first age the *Theater* hath bin.
 Euen like a trap to take faire wenches in:
 Frequent the Tilt yard, for there oft times are,
 Clusters of people thronging at the barre.
 Thou shalt not need, there with thy fingers becken,
 Of wincking signes, or close nods do not reckon;
 But where thy Mistris sits, do thou abide
 Who shall forbid thee to attaine her side,
 As neare as the place suffers see thou get,
 That none betwixt thee and her selfe be set:
 If thou beest mute and bashfull I will teach,
 How to begin and breake the ice of speech:
 Aske whose that horse was, what he was did guide
 Whence came he, if he well or ill did ride him. (him
 Which in the course of barriers best did do,
 And whom she likes, him do thou fauour to.
 When thou espieest where *Romes* best gallants sit:
 Applaud faire *Venus* with thy Mistris hand it:
 If dust by chance upon her garments fall,
 Looke with thy ready hand thou brush it all.
 And though none fall, yet looke that without scoffe
 Thou with thy dutious hand beat that none off.
 And let the least occasion shew thy duty,
 None can be too seruile vnto beautie:
 If her loose garments hang downe that the skirt,
 Lick ud the dust or fall into the dirt:
 Officious be to lift it vp againe,
 And from the slutish earth to beare her traine
 Happly thy dutious guardian such may be,
 That thou her foot or well shapt leg may see.

Attende

Beware that none behind her rudely crush her,
 Or with his hard knees or his elbows bruise her:
 Small fauours womens light thoughts captiuatē,
 And many in their loues make fortunate.
 Beating the dust, or fanning the fresh aire,
 Or to her wearie foote but adde a staire.
 Such diligence and dutie often proues,
 Great furtherance to many in their loues.
 Within these lists hath *Cupid* battaile sounded:
 And he that makes men wounds, himselfe bin woun-
 As carelesse of himselfe he pries about, (ded:
 To know which cōquerors of the Champions stout
 He feels himselfe pierst with a flying dart,
 And wounded sore, complaines him of his heart.
 Oh what assemblie did there come to see.
 Great *Cesar* stand in all his royalltie.
 Praying his prizes in their shouts and skips,
 Tooke in the *Persian* and *Athenian* ships,
 From both sides of the Seas young Gallants came,
 And Virgins of all sorts to see the same:
 Then was the Citie throng'd, who could not find
 In that faire crew a Saint to please his minde.
 Oh gods! how many did kind fancie driue;
 Strangers to vs, vs vnto them do wiue.
 Behold Great *Cesar* through the whole world famed
 Will adde vnto the nations he hath tamed.
 The *Eastern* kingdoms here to ouerpass,
 And they of all his Conquest shall be last.
 See where a stout reuenger comes in armes,
 Whose haughty brest the flower of honour warms
 That being but a child leades warre in chaines,
 But more then children can by warre conssaines,
 Thy birth day shall by generall accord,
 With all the newest vertues be ador'd,

Thy

Thy wisdom which might well become the aged,
 Shall in the selfe same ranke he equipaged:
 That all the world may wonder one so young,
 Hath such a ripe wit, and so quaint a tongue.
 Thy gifts out-strip thy age, whole slow pace lingers,
 Such was his instant strength, who twixt his fingers
 Crusht two inuenum'd Snakes being in the cradle,
 What would he doe being mounted on the saddle,
 As great as *Bacchus* when his yeares yet Greene,
 Was in his power amongst the *Indies* scenes
 Is *Cesar* heire vnto his fathers spirit,
 That his foie fathers vertues do inherit,
 With their auspicious fortune proudly dight.
 Wars, and shall vanquish still where he doth fight:
 Such be the fates, decree must be his fame
 That shall wage battell vnder *Cesars* name.
 Liue st ill thou, youth, of whom thou now art king,
 With milkewhite heads and beares thy praises sing,
 Reuenge thy wronged brothers, thy dead father,
 And to the wars millions of people gather.
 Thy father, and thy countries rather too.
 Case thee in armes against thy insulting foe.
 Thou bear'st religious armes to doth not he,
 Wrong leades him forth, but iustice fights for thee.
 Behold the *Parthians* are already slaine.
 The East yeelds homage to the *Latine* maine.
Cesar and *Mars*, both gods, his fathers both
 Bee powerfull in his journey now he goeth,
 I prophesie his conquest and his praise,
 In a rich slide vnto the heauens he raise:
 With my field words he shall his armie cheare,
 Which with their sweet sound shal inchant each care
 Whilst I the *Parthians* flight describe at large,
 Who backward shooe, as flying, their toes charge.
 And

And of the *Romans* resolution write,
 In vaine poore *Parthian* souldiers thou dost fight,
Mars the great god of armes, forsake thy droome,
 In vaine thou hop'st by flight to ouercome:
 In what day shalt thou fa'rest of all things,
 Be deck with gold, attended on by Kings.
 And drawne along by foure white snowie Steeds.
 To royalize thy acts and famous deeds.
 The whi'elt thy troopes of souldiers round int'rons
 The Captaine of the enemy bound with irons:
 Giuing their legs to keepe them from the flight,
 Which they before did practise in their fight.
 The ioyfull young men mingled with sweet lasses,
 Will croud and presse to see him as he passes,
 And now being meet, no sweete occasion balke,
 Make speech of any thing to enter talke:
 Though ignorant in all things, all things know,
 And take vpon thee to explaine each shew.
 As thus she *Euphrates* that first proceeds,
 Hauing her head bound with a reath of reeds
 Call the next *Tigris* with her haire all blew,
 Maides may be flattered, to thinke fained things true
 Say this presents *Armenia*, Denae she,
 In the next place let *Achemonia* be. (ble,
 That man's a conqueror, captiues they that trem-
 Speake truly, if thou canst, if not dissemble.
 Thence if you go to banquet and sit downe,
 To tast sweet Viands and to drinke a round,
 There may thy thoughts vnto my art incline,
 Obseruing loue. more then the crimson wine,
Cupid himselfe alwayes inured to rapes,
 Hath with his own whit hand rest *Bacchus* grapes.
 Vntill his wings with sprinkled wine made wet,
 He heauie sits and sleepes where he is set.

The dew from off his feathers soone he shakes,
 Which from his drowned wings the day aire takes,
 But from his breast so soone he cannot driue,
 Loue sprinkled there, though nere so much he striue
 Wine doth prepare the spirits, heates the braine hot,
 Expels deepe cares, make sorrowes quite forgot:
 Moues mirth, breeds laughter, makes the poor man
 And not remembring need to laugh aloud: (proud
 Sets ope the thoughts, doth rudenes banish,
 Refineth art, and at wine fight woes van ish.
 In wine hath many a young mans heart bin tooke,
 And borne away in a faire wenchs looke,
 In wine is lust and rancknes of desire,
 Ioyne wine and loue, and you adde hre to fire:
 Choose not a face by torch-light, but by day,
 Onely grosse faults such splendors can bewray.
 Trust no made lights, they will dece ue thine eye,
 Thou canst not iudge by torch-light, nor in tve.
 At the broad noone t de, when the Sun shin'd rarest,
 Did *Paris* say to *Helen* thou art fairest.
 The night hides faults, the midnight houre is blind,
 And no mishapt deformity can find.
 Stones and dyed Scarlet by the day we chuse,
 The broad day and bright sunne in beauty vse:
 Sometimes vnto those places taske thy feet,
 Where the faire forrest hantresses do meete.
 In number more then sea lands, els prepare,
 To the warme bathes, where many a lema are:
 There some or other hurt by *Cupids* smoke,
 Where troubled waters with wa me brin stone smoke
 Mistakes the wounds, cause and exclaiming rates,
 Not blaming Loue, But those vnholiome waues.
 See where *Dianes* grouie Temple stands,
 Where kingdoms haue bin won by slaughtering hands
 Because

Because the *Cupid* loathes and liues chaste still.
 Much people he hath slaine and much shall kill:
 Thus farre my Muse hath sung in diuers strains:
 Where thou maist find fit place to set thy traines,
 My next indeauour is to lay the ground,
 To archieue and win the Mistris thou hast found.
 Be prompt and apt, you that shall read my lines,
 And vse attention to their disciplines,
 The first strickt precept I enioyne your sence,
 Needfull to be obseru'd is conscience:
 Be confident, thy sute being once begun,
 And build on this they all are to be wonne.
 First shall the birds that wellicome in the spring,
 All mute and dombe for euer cease to sing:
 The sommer Ants leaue their industrious paines,
 And from their full mouthes cast thir loaled
 The swift *Menatians* hounds that chacing are (gaines.
 Shall frighted runne backe from the trembling hare
 Before a wanton wench once temot'd by thee
 Poore foole, shall haue the hard heart to deny thee,
 Stolen pleasure which to men is neuer hatefull,
 To women, is now and at all times ever gratefull:
 The difference is a Maide her loue will cower,
 Men are more impudent and publicke louers:
 Tis meet we men should aske the question still.
 Should women do it, it would become them ill.
 The Heifers strength being once ripe and nellow,
 After the Bull she through the field will bellow.
 The Mare neighes after the couragious Steed,
 But humane lust doth not so much exceed.
 Our flame hath lawfull bonds, keep time & season,
 Nor bestiall made like theirs, but mixt with reason,
 Shold I of *B'blis* speake whose hot desire
 Doth to the brothers lawlesse bed aspire:

And

And when the incestuous deed the well suspendeth,
 With resolution her sweet life she endeth:
Mirra the loue of her owne father sought,
 Affecting him but not as daughter ought:
 Her body in a tree rough rinde appears,
 And with her weere and odorous teares,
 Our bodies we perfume, these are the same,
Mirra of their mistress *Mirra* that beares the name:
 In *Ida* of tall tree and Cedars full,
 There fed the glory of the heard, a Bull, (grew,
 Snow white, laue twixt his hornes one spot there
 Saue that one staine he was of milkie hew,
 This Bullocke did the Heifers of the groue,
 Desire to beare as Prince of all their droues,
 But most *Pasiphae* with adulterous breath,
 Enuies the louely Heifers to the death:
 I speak knowne truth this cannot *Cretan* deny,
 With all her hundred Cities built on hie.
 Tis said that for this Bull the doating Lasse,
 Did vse to top fresh boughes and mow young grasse
 Nor was the amorous *Cretan* Queene afeard,
 To grow a kinde companion to the heard:
 Thus through the Campaigne she is madly borne,
 And a wild Bull to *Minos* giues the horne.
 Tis not for brauery he doth loue or loath thee,
 Then why, *Pasiphae*, dost thou so richly cloth thee.
 Why dost thou thus thy face and lookes preare,
 What makst thou with thy glasse ording thy haire
 Vnlesse thy glasse could make thee seeme a Cow,
 And how can hornes grow on that tender brow?
Minos please thee, no adulterer seeke thee,
 Or if thy husband *Minos* do not like thee:
 But thy lasciuious thoughts are still increast,
 Deceiue him with a man, not with a beast.

Thus

Thus by the Queene the wilde woods are frequen-
 And leauing the Kings bed she is contented: (ted,
 To u'e the groues borne by the rage of mind,
 Even as a ship with a full Easterne wind.
 How often hath she with an enuious eye,
 Look'd on the Cow that by her bull did lie:
 Say ng, oh wherefore did this Heifer moue,
 M' hearts chief L rd, and vrge him to her loue
 Behold, how lie before him ioyfull skips,
 And proudly resting on the Greene grasse lips:
 To please his amorous eye, the charg'd the Queen
 See in these fields that cow no more be seene.
 No looner to her seruants had she spoke,
 But the poore bea³ was straight put to the yoake.
 Some of these strumpet Heifers the Queene slew,
 And their warme blood the alters did imbrew:
 Whil' by the sacrificing Priest she stands,
 And gripe her trembling entrails in her hands,
 Oft praid she to the Gods but all in vaine, (slaine,
 To appease their dietes with blood of beasts thus
 And to their bowels speake, go, go, begone,
 To please him whom I fondly dote upon.
 Now doth she with her selfe *Europa* then,
 To be faire, so pasturing in the fenne,
 Is a beast in shape, hide, horse, and horne,
 Onely *Europa* on a beast was borne.
 P'tergh the Captaine of the heard beguilde,
 With a Cowes skin with curious art compilde.
 The longing Queene obtair'd her full desire,
 And in the childe's birth did bewray the fire:
 Had *Cressa* kept her from *Thiestes* bed,
 She had not with her childe beene banished.
 Nor *Phœbus* stopp'd his *Carr* that so bright burned,
 And his Steeds back vnto the morning turned.

King *Misus* daughter that was held so faire,
 stole from her fathers head the purple haire:
 And hanging at the ship in her fall.
 Chang'd to a bird in voice, in shape and all.
 Another *Silla* was by *Circes* spels.
 Made a Sea monster, and in the ocean dwells:
 Beneath whose nauell barketh many a hound,
 Whose rauinous gulte like throats ship, and men
 The wisest of great *Alcides* that by land, (drownd.
 Fled the great god of war and did withstand:
Neptune by Sea, behold alas she dies.
 A wofull and lamented sacrifice:
 Whose sorrows only not bright *Crusae's* flame, (same
 Wishing their salt teares might haue quencht the
 Who could but weepe to see young child en flaine,
 Whilst their warme blouds their mothers garments
Phaenix Annutors daughter she laments, (staine,
 The swift past hurrying chariot teares and rents.
 Chiefe mischief all by womens lusts engender,
 Some of their hearts be tough, though most be ten-
 Womens desires are burning, some contagious, (der
 mens are more temperate, farre & lesse outrageous:
 When in my art proceed nor doubt to enioy.
 And win all women be they nere so coy.
 Let them by my directions, being learned by thee,
 Not one amongst a thousand will deny thee:
 Yet loue they to be vrg'd by some constraint,
 As well in things which they deny as grant:
 But take thou no repulse, ist not a treasure,
 To enioy new delights and tast fresh pleasure.
 Varietie of sweets are welcome still,
 And acceptabest to a womans will:
 They thinke that corne best in anothers field,
 Their neighbors go ate the sweetest milk doth yeeld.
 Put

But first ere siege be to thy Mistress laid,
 Practise to come acquainted with her maids:
 She can prepare the way, seeke thy redresse,
 And by her meanes thou maist haue sweet access.
 To her familiar eare your counsels show,
 And all your priuate pleasures let her know:
 Bribe her with gifts, corrupt her with reward
 With her that's easie which to thee seemes hard,
 She can chole times, so times Physitions keepe,
 When in hy Mistress armes thou safe maist sleepe,
 And that must be when she is apt to yeeld,
 What time the ripe corne swells within the field,
 When banisht sorrowes, from her heart remoue,
 And giues mirth place, she lies broad wake to loue.
 Whilst Troy was pensue, twas well fenc'd and kept,
 But then betraid when they securely slept:
 Yet sometimes proue her, when thou find'st her sad,
 Mourning her owne wrong with some yfage bad.
 Follow that humor with thy fluent tongue,
 Shee'l grace thee to reuenge her former wrong.
 Her may the industrious maide beimes prepare,
 And softly whisper, yet that she may heare,
 Such wrongs no woman that hath spirit can beare:
 So shee proceeds to thee, liss thy praises hie,
 Sweate for her chaste Loue thou art bent to dye,
 And there step in, and doubt not to preuaile.
 Yet ere her furious anger hath strooke saile,
 Rage in that Sea: deluy consumes and dyes,
 Like ice against the sunne; no grace despoile
 That from the hand maid comes; with all thy power
 Seeke by conuenient meanes her to deflower.
 She is industrious and made apt for sport,
 And by her office limits your resort,

she, if her owne counsel may be closely kept,
 Her Ladies due would gladly intercept.
 All is hap hazard, though it be with paine,
 My counsell is from these things to abstaine.
 I will not headlong ouer mountaines tread,
 Nor following me shall any be misled:
 But of the maide by whom thou send'st thy letter,
 With her care please thee well, with her face better
 Begin not therefore with the Maide to toy.
 Thy Mistris loue and fauour first enioy.
 One thing beware, if thou wilt credit Art,
 Nor let my words amongst the windes depart:
 If thou hast mou'd her once take no denyall,
 Resolue to act, or neuer to make tryall,
 From feare and blame thou art secure and free,
 As soone as she partakes the crime with thee.
 You see the bird that to the morning sings,
 Cannot soare high, when she hath lim'd her wings
 Nor can the sauage Boare with bristled backe,
 Breake through those toyles, which he before made.
 The fish that glides along the siluer brook, (slack
 Is quickly drawne, being wounded with the hook,
 So hauing once but tride her, make her yeeld,
 And neuer part but conquer from the field:
 The fault being mutuall, knowing how she fell
 The bashfull girle will be asham'd to tell,
 But shee can shew thee in familiar phrase,
 Both what thy vertuous Mistris doth and sayes.
 Alwayes be secret if your gilt appeare,
 'Twill in thy Lady breed perpetuall feare.
 He is deceiu'd that thinkes all times auails
 For Swaines to turne the earth, Seamen to sayle:
 All seasons are not kinde when men should sow,
 Times must be pickt, to haue your graine well grow:
 Nor

Nor alwayes is the furling ocean fit,
 That the well fraughted ship may saile in it
 Nor is it alwayes vne faire girles to woe,
 Sometimes abstaine, so doth thy Master doe.
 Omitt her birth-day, and those Calends misse,
 When *Mars* and *Venus* both abstaine to kisse;
 At some forbidden seasons being deckt,
 With princely tire, vse her with great respect:
 In the breame winter when that *Phaëtes* raine.
 From the sweet worke of *Venus* most abstaine:
 For eare the like resort amongst thy wenches,
 When that the tender kidd the ocean drenches.
 Thou shalt begin euen in that very day,
 When wofull and lamenting *Atila*.
 Lookes on the tragicke earth made crimson red,
 With the wild *Romans* wound's which that day bled
 Or in the seuen h feast which is held diuine,
 And honoured by the men of *Palestine*.
 Thy Ladies birth day Ceremonies make,
 And superstitiously all workes forsake,
 About all dayes let that a blacke day be,
 When thou giuest ought, or she doth beg of thee
 You shall haue some into your bosomes creepe,
 Who iustlingly will snatch things they will keepe
 And by some flight and pretty wanton suite,
 To enrich themselues will leaue thee destitute,
 First shall the linnen draper bring his wares,
 And lay his pack wide open, at the Faires.
 She will peruse them as thou standst her nigh,
 The whilst the Draper asks what will you buy?
 Strait will she craue thy iudgement in the Lawne,
 Thou by degrees to shew thy skill art drawne:
 Then will she kisse thee, pray thee she may try it,
 Thus by her flattery thou art wonne to buy it.

Canst thou deny the wanton she will swear,
 This gift shall serue her use for many a yeare:
 It is now cheape she hath great need of this,
 And euery word she mingles with a kisse.
 Hast thou no coyne about thee thou shalt send,
 To intreat it by a letter from thy friend.
 What must I neede present her with this casket,
 Because that on her birth day she doth ask it?
 Then euery day she wants she will be sworne,
 That as that very day she's bred and borne,
 Or when I see her how she sadly weeps,
 And faining some false losse much seeking keeps,
 As if she had let fall some pretious thing,
 A iewell from her care, her hand a ring.
 What's that to me, or if I here her pray,
 To borrow this or that vntill some day.
 What's lent is lost, and to be found no more.
 Women things borrowed neuer will restore.
 Ten tongues, as many mouthes cannot impart,
 Halfe the sleights vsed in the strumpets art,
 Make loue with letters and thy money saue,
 And let them wax, and inke, and paper haue,
 Keepe what thou hast, for words good words surrent-
 For flattery, like falshood euer tender. (der.
 Faire words are cheape, what more thou giu'st is
 Flatter, speake faire, 'tis done with little cost. (lost,
 Old Priam by intreaty Hector wonne,
 Which bribed Achilles neuer would haue done:
 Force is but weake, intreaty hath her odds.
 So we intreate but not inforce the gods.
 A promise is a charme to make fooles fat,
 Be full of hem, promise no matter what.
 A promise is a meere enchanting witch,
 By promises 'tis an easie matter to be rich.

*Da to dona
 sicut dat
 mella geni-
 sta.*

The hope of gaine will keepe thy credit free,
 Hope is a goddesse false yet true to thee.
 Giue her and say, you part on some disdain,
 Thou by her loostest, she by thee shalt gaine:
 Be allwaies giuing, but your gift still keepe,
 And thy delays in wordes well harmed sleepe,
 So hath the barren field deceiu'd the swaine,
 So doth the Gamster loose in hope to gaine:
 Loue that on eu'n hands growes is most pure,
 That which comes gratis longest doth endure.
 Write first, and let thy pleasant lines salute her
 A letter breakes the ice of any suiter:
 A letter in an apple writ and sent,
 Wonne faire *Cidippe* to her louers bent.
 You *Roman* Youthes all other toyes resign:
 Leaue the seuen liberall Arts and Muses nine
 As when you heare an Orator declaine,
 The people iudge and Senat grace the same.
 So when the faire maids thou shalt come among,
 Speake well, and they will all applaud thy tongue,
 But speake not by the booke, it breeds offence,
 To court in strange and fustian eloquence:
 None but a gull such Bastard words will praise,
 Or in his speech vse an inforced phrase.
 Who but a mad man else with Orations,
 Plead to his loue, and woe in declamations
 Vse a smooth language, and accustomed speech,
 And with no straining discourse loue beseech,
 As if thou camst to speak a studied part,
 But as immediately sent from the heart.
 If she receiue thy lines, and scornes to read them,
 But casting them away, on the ground tread them
 Despaire not though, but that she may in time,
 And will with iudging eyes peruse thy rime,

In time the stubborne Heifers draw the waine,
 In time the wildest steeds do brooke the raine:
 Time frets hard iron, in time the plowshares worne
 Yet the ground soft by which the Steele is torne.
 What's harder then a stone, or what more soft
 Then water is, and yet by dropping oft
 The gentle raine will eat into the flints,
 And in their hard sides leaues impressiue dints.
 Do but persist the suite thou hast begone:
 In time will chaste *Penelope* be wonne:
 Long was it ere the Citty *Troy* was taine:
 Yet was it burnt at length and *Priam* slaine,
 Hath she peruse the scroule thou didst indite,
 And will she not as yet an answer write:
 Enforce her not, it is enough to thee,
 That she hath read it, and thy loue doth see.
 Feare not, if once she read what thou hast write,
 She will vouchsafe in time to answer it.
 At first perhaps her letter will be sower,
 And on thy hopes her paper seeme to lowr:
 In which she will coniure thee to be mute,
 And charge thee to forbear thy hated suite
 Tush, what she most forwarnes she most desires,
 In frosty woods are hid the hottest fires.
 Onely pursue to reape what thou hast sowne,
 A million to a mite she is thy owne.
 If thou by chance hast found her in some place,
 Downe on her back and vpwads with her face,
 Ocasion smiles upon thee, ~~thunke~~ thy fate.
 Steale to her besides with a theeuish gate:
 And hauing wonne, vnto her wisely beare thee,
 With watchfull care that no Easedropper heare
 Or if she walke abroad without delay, (thee.
 Be thou a quicke spie to obserue her way.

When t
 meetest
 abroad

Keepe in her eye, and crosse her in the streer,
 Here ouertake her, at that corner meet;
 Then come behinde her, then out strip her pace,
 And now before her, and now alter trace.
 Now fast, now slow, and euer moue some stay,
 That she may finde thee still first in her way,
 Not be affraid if thou ocrasion spie.

To ioe her elow as thou passest by.
 Or if thou happenest to behold from farr,
 Thy Miſs crossing to the Theater:

Hye to the place, being there look round about thee
 And in no seate let her be found without thee
 No matter though he lay thou do not minde.
 Thou sights enough within her face shalt finde:
 There stand at gaze, there wonder, there admire,
 There speaking lookes may whisper thy desire,
 Applaud him whom she likes, if thou discouer,
 In any straine a true well acted louer.
 Make him thy instance, court her by all skill,
 If she rise, rise, if she sit, sit thee still:

Laugh thou but whe she smiles, die when she lowers
 And in her lookes and gestures loose thy howers.

Thy legs with eating punice do not weare,
 Use not hot irons to crispe and curle thy haire,
 No spruce starch fashions should on louers waire,
 Men best become a meere neglected gate.

Blunt *I besens* came with no perfumes to *Creete*
 And yet great *Minos* daughter thought him sweete.

Phadra did loue *Hippolitus*, yet he,
 Had on his back no Courtly brauery.

Adonis like a woodman still was clad,

Yet *Venus* doated on the louely lad:

Go neate and handsome, comelines best pleases
 And the desire of women, soonest ceases.

then thou
 wast her
 the Thea-

Vis a meete gate, thy garments without staine,
 Keepe not thy face from weather nor from raine,
 Thy tong haue without roughnes, thy teeth cleare
 And white, and let no rust inhabite there,
 Weare thy shoes close and fit and not to wide,
 Cut thy haire compasse, euen on either side:
 Let no disorderd haire here and there stand,
 But haue thy beard trim'd with a skilfull hand.
 Make blint thy nailes, pare them & keepe them low
 Let no stiffe haire within thy nostrils grow:
 Keepe thy breath sweet and fresh, lest ranke it smell
 Such is the aire where bearded goates do dwell.
 All other loose tricks and effeminate toyes:
 Leau thou to wanton girles and iugling boyes:
 Behold young *Bacchus* me his Poet names,
 He fauor louers and those amorous flames,
 In which he hath bene scorcht; it so fell out,
 Mad *Aradne* straid the Ile about:
 Being left alone within that deserr plaine,
 Where the brooke *Dia* pores into the maine.
 Who making from her rest her vaile vnbound,
 Her bare foot treading on the tender ground,
 Her golden haire disolued, aloud she raues,
 Calling on *Theseus* to the defused waues.
 On *Theseus*, cruell *Theseus*, whom she seeks, (cheeks
 Whilst showers of teares makes furrwes in her
 She calls and weeps, & weeps and calls at once,
 Which might to ruth moue the fenceles stones.
 Yet both alike became her, they grac'd her,
 The whilst she strives to call him, or cry faster,
 Then beates she her soft breast, and makes it grone
 And then she cries what is false *Theseus* gone?
 What shall I do? she cries, what shall I do?
 And with that note she runs the Forrest through

The tale
 Theseus
 Ariadne.

When suddenly her eares might vnderstand,
 Cimbals and Timbrells toucht with a loud hand
 To which the Forrest woods and caues resounds
 And now amaz'd she senceles falls to ground.
 Behold the *Nymphes* come with their scattered hair
 Falling behinde, which they like garments weare,
 And the light *Satires*, and vn toward crew,
 Nearer and nearer to the Virgin drew,
 Then old *Silenus* on his lazie asse.
 Nods with his drunken pate about to passe.
 Where the poore Ladie, all in teares lies drown'd,
 Scarce sits the drunkard, but he falls to ground,
 Scarce holds the bridle fast, but staggering sloopes,
 Following those giddy *Bacchanian* troopes.
 Who dance the wild *Lualto* on the grasse
 Whilst with a staffe he layes upon his asse.
 At length when the young *Satyr*s least suspect,
 He tumbling falls quite from his asses necke:
 But vp they heaue him, whilst each *Satyr* cries,
 Rise good old father, good old Father rise,
 Now comes the god himselfe, next after him,
 His vine like Chariot driven with *Tygres* grimme:
 Colour and voice, and *Theseus* she doth lack:
 There would she fly, and their feare puld her back:
 She trembles like a stalke the winde doth shake
 On a weake reed that growes besides the lake.
 To whom the Gods spake, Lady take good cheare,
 See one more faithfull then false *Theseus* here.
 Thou shalt be wife to *Bacchus* for a gift,
 Receiue high heauen, and to the spheares be list,
 Where thou shalt shine a starre to guide by night,
 The wandring Seaman in his course aright
 This said, lest that his *Tygres* should astray,
 The trembling maide, the God his coach doth stay.
 And

And leaping from his Chariot with his heeles,
 He prints the sand, with that the *Nymph* he sceles:
 And hugging her, in uaine she doth resist.
 He beares her thence, Gods can do what they list.
 Some *Hymen* sing, and *Io* cry,
 So *Bacchus* with the maide that night doth lye:
 Therefore when wine in plenteous cups do flow,
 And thou that night vnto thy loue doth owe:
 Pray to the god of grapes that in thy bed,
 The quaffing healths do not offend thy head.
 In wine much hidden talke thou maist inuent:
 To giue thy Lady note of thy intent.
 To tell her thou art hers and she is thine,
 Thus euen at board make loue tricks in the wine.
 Nay, I can teach thee though thy tongue be mute,
 How with thy speaking eye to moue thy suite:
 Good language may be made in lookes and wincks,
 Be first that takes the cup wherein she drinks.
 And note the very place her lip did tuch
 Drinke iust at that, let thy regard be such.
 Or when she carues, what part of all the meate
 She with her finger tuch that cut and eat:
 Or if thou carue to her or, she to thee,
 Her hand in taking it touch cunningly.
 Be with her friend familiar, and be sure,
 It much auailles to make thy loue endure:
 When thou drink'st, drink to him aboue the rest,
 Grace him, and make thy selfe a thankfull guest.
 In euery thing preferre him to his face.
 Though in his function he be nere so base.
 The course is safe and doth securenesse lend,
 For who suspectlesse may not greet his friend.
 Yet though the path thou tread'st seem straight and
 In some things it is full of rubs againe.

*Loue tricks
 used in ea-
 ring and
 drinking.*

(plaine,
 Drinke

errone
at so much.

ing.
ance.

Drinke sparingly, for my impose is such,
And in your singling him take not too much:
Carouse not but with soft and moderate sups,
Haue a regard and measure in your cups.
Let both the feete and thoughts their office know,
Chiefly beware of brawling which may grow
By too much wine, from fighting most abstaine.
In such a quarrell was *Eurition* slaine: (after,
Where swaggering leades the way mischief comes
Junkets and wine were made for mirth & laughter,
Sing if thy voice be delicate and sweet,
If thou canst dance then nimbly shake thy feet.
If thou hast in thee ought that's more then comm^{on},
Shew it; such gifts as these most please a woman.
Though to be drunk indeed may hurt the braine,
Yet now and then I hold it good to faine.
Instruct thy lipping tongue sometimes to trip,
That if a word misplac'd do passe thy lip:
At which the carping presence find some clause,
It may be iudg'd that quaffing was the cause.
Then boldly say, how happy were that man,
That could enfold thee in his armes and then
Wish to embrace her in her sweet hearts stead,
Whom in her eare thou rauest to see dead.
But when the tables drawne and she among:
The full crew rising thrust into the throng.
And tuch her softly as she forth doth goe,
And with thy foot tread gently on her toe.
Now is the time to speake, be not afraid,
Him that is bold both loue and fortune aid.
Doubt not thy want of Rhetorick true loue shew,
Good words vnwares vpon thy tongue will flow,
Make as thy tong could wound thy soul with griefe
And vse what art thou canst to win reliefe.

All

All women of themselves selfe-loued are,
 The foulest in their owne conceits are faire;
 Praise them they will beleeue thee I haue knowne,
 A meere dissembler a true louer growne.
 Prossing in earnest what he faind in sport,
 Then, oh you Maides, vse men in gentle sort;
 Be affable, and kinde, and scorne eschew,
 Loue forg'd at first may at the last proue true.
 Let faire wordes worke into their hearts as brooks,
 Into a holow band that ouer looks:
 The margent of the water praise her cheekes;
 The colour of her haire commend and like;
 Her slender finger and her pretty foot,
 Her body and each part that longs vnto:
 And women as you hope my stile shall raise you,
 Let mee you to beleeue men when they praise you,
 For praises please the chastest maids delight.
 To hear their Louers in their praise to wine,
Iuno and *Pallas* hate the *Ibrigian* soyle:
 Where *Pais* to their beauties gaue the soile,
 Euen yet they enuy *Venus* and still dare her,
 To come to a new iudgement which is a rer.
 The Peacock being praised spreads his traine,
 B silent and he h-des his wealth againe.
 Horses trap richly praise them in their race,
 They will curuet and proudly mend their pace.
 Large promises in loue I much allow,
 Nay call the gods as witness to thy vow:
 For *Ioue* himselfe sits in the azure skies,
 And laughes below at louers peruries.
 Commanding *Eolus* to disperse them quire,
 Euen *Ioue* himselfe hath falsly sworne some write.
 By *Stix* to *Iuno*, and since then doth show,
 Favours to us that falsly sweare below.

Gods

Gods surely be gods, we must thinke they are,
 To them burne incense and due rights prepare;
 Nor do they sleepe as many thinke they do,
 Lead harmelesse liues, pay debts and forfeits to,
 Keepe couenant with thy friend and banish fraud,
 Kill not, and such a man the gods applaud.
 Say women none deceiue, the gods haue spoken,
 There is no paine impos'd on faith so broken.
 Deceiue the sly deceiuer they finde snares,
 To catch poore harmelesse louers vnawares.
 Lay the like traines for them; nine yeare some faine
 In *Egypt* there did fall no drop of raine,
 When *Thratius* to the grimme *Busiris* goes,
 And from the Oracle this answer shewes:
 That *Ioue* must be appeas'd with strangers bloodd,
 They said *Busiris* kild him where he stood:
 And said withall thou stranger first art slaine,
 To appease the Gods and bring great *Egypt* raine
Phallaris bull, King *Phallaris* first said;
 With the worke master that the Engine made:
 Both Kings were iust, death deaths inuenter wry,
 And iustly in their owne inuentions die,
 So should false oathes, by right false oathes beguile
 And a deceitfull girle be caught by wile:
 Then teach thy eyes to weepe, tears perswade truth
 And moues obdurate Adamant to ruth.
 At such speciall times that passing by,
 She may perceiue a teare stand in thy eye.
 Or if tears faile, as still thou canst not get them,
 With thy moist finger rub thy eyes and wet them
 Who but a foole that cannot iudge of blisses,
 But when he speaks will with his word mixe kisses,
 Say she be coy and will giue none at all,
 Take them vngiuen, perhaps at first shee'l brawle.

Striue

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pe to

ber.

Strive and resist her all the wayes she can,
 And say withall away you naughtie man.
 Yet will she fight like one would loose the field,
 And striving gladly be constrained to yeeld:
 Be not so boisterous, do not speake to hie,
 Lest by rude hurting of her lips she cry.
 He that gets kisses with his pleading tongue,
 And gets not all things that to loue belong,
 I count him for a Meacocke and a sot.
 Worthy to loose the kisses that he got,
 What more then kissing wanted of the game,
 Was thy metre dastardie, not bashfull shame:
 They terme it force, such force comes welcome still,
 What pleaseeth them they grant against their will.
Phabe the faire was forc'd so was her sister,
 Yet *Phabe* in her heart thank'd him that kist her:
 There is a tale well knowne how *Hecubs* sonne,
 To steale faire *Hellen* through the streame did run,
Penus who by his censure wonne in *Ido*,
 Gave to him in requitall this faire bride:
 Now for another world doth saile with ioy,
 A welcome daughter to the king of *Troy*
 The whilest the Grecians are already come,
 Mou'd with this publiek wrong against *Ilione*
Achilles in a smok his Sex doth smother,
 And layes the blame upon his carefull mother.
 What makes thou great *Achilles* tozing wooll,
 When *Pallas* in a cake should hide thy skull?
 What doth that palme with webs and ibrids of gold
 Which are more fit a warlike shield to hold?
 Why should that right hand rocke and twig contain
 By which the *Trojan Hector* must be slaine,
 Cast off these loose vaines and thy armour take,
 And in thy hand the speare of *Peleus* shake.

This Lady like he with a Lady lay,
 Till what he was her belly did bewray:
 Yet was she forc'd; so oft we to beleue,
 Not to be so inforst how would she grieve.
 When he should rise from her still would she cry,
 For he had arm'd him and his Rocke laid by,
 And with a soft voice spake *Achille* stay,
 It is to soone to rise, lie downe I pray:
 And then the man that forc'd her she would kisse,
 What force *Dridemeia* call you this.
 There is a kinde of feare in the first proffer,
 But having once begun she takes the offer,
 Trust not to much young man to thy faire face,
 Nor looke a woman should entreat thy grace,
 First let a man with sweet words smooth his way,
 Be forward in her care to see and pray.
 If thou wilt reape frutes of thy loves effects,
 Only begin 'tis all that she expects,
 So in the ancient times *Olympian* Ioue,
 Made to *Heroes* suite and wonne their loue:
 But if thy words breed scorne, a while forbear,
 For many what most flies him hold most deare:
 And what they may haue profer'd fly and shunne,
 By softer treat great vantage may be wonne.
 In person of a woer come not still,
 But sometimes as a friend in meere good will:
 Thou canst her friend, but shalt returne her Loue,
 A while lesse hew my iudgement doth disproue:
 Glue me a face whose coulour knowe no art,
 Which the green sea hath tan'd the Sunne made
 Beauty is meere vneomely in a Cl-wne, (swart:
 That yner the hot Planets plough the ground.
 And thou that *Pallas* Garland wouldst redeeme,
 To haue a white face it would ill be scene.

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Let him that loues looke pale, for I protest,
 That coulour in a Louer still shewes best,
Orion wandring in the woods lookt sickly,
Daphne being once in loue lost colour quickly
 Thy leannesse argues loue, seemes sparsely fed
 And sometimes weare a nightcap on thy head,
 For griefs and cares that in afflictions shew,
 Weaken a Louers spirits and bring him low.
 Lookt miserably poore, it much behoues,
 That all that see you, may say, yon man loues,
 Shall I proceed or stay, moue or disswade?
 Friendship and faith of no account are made.
 Loue mingleth right with wrong, friendship despises
 And the world faith holds vaine, and slightly prizes.
 Thy Ladies beauty do not thou commend,
 To thy companion or thy trusty friend:
 Least of thy praise enamoured it may breed,
 Like loue in them with passions that exceed,
 Yet was the nuptiall bed of great *Achilles*
 Vnstrain'd by his deare friend *Astoriades*:
 The wife of *Thesens* though she went stray,
 Was chaste as much as in *Pithirous* lay.
Phobus and *Pallas*, *Hermionius*, *Phillades*,
 And the two twins we call *Tentarides*:
 Tend to the like, but he that in these daies,
 For the like trust acquires the selfe same praise.
 He may aswell from weedes let the sweete rose buds,
 Apples of thornetrees, haue from the foulds.
 Nothing is practis'd now, but what is ill,
 Pleasure is each mans God, faith they excell:
 And that stolne pleasure is respect'd chiefe,
 Which falls to one man by anothers grief:
 O mischiefe you young louers, feare not those,
 That are your open and professed foes,

Looke pale

Leane.

Sickly.

*Suspect thy
friend in
loue.*

Suspect

Suspect thy friend, though else in all things iust.
 Yet in thy loue he will deceiue thy trust,
 Friends breed true feares in loue the presence hate
 Of thy neare kinsman, brother and sworne mate,
 I was about to end, but loe I see,

*Quot capita
 son sensus.*

How many humourous thoughts in women be,
 But thou that in my Art thy name wilt raise,
 A thousand humors woe a thousand wayes:
 One plot of ground all simples cannot bring,
 This is for vines, here corne their oliues spring,
 More then be seuerall shapes beneath the skies,
 Haue womens gestures, thoughts, and fantasies?
 He that is apt will in himselfe deuise,
 Innumerable shapes of fit disguise,
 To shift and change like *Proteus* whom wee see.
 A Lion first, a bore, and then a tree.
 Some fishes strangely by a dart areooke,
 These by a net and others by a hooke:
 All ages not alike intrapped are,
 The crooked old wife sees the traine from far,
 Appeare not learned vnto one that's rude,
 Nor loose to one with chastitie indu'd:
 Shoule you so do alas the pretty elues,
 Would in the want of Art distrust themselues,
 Hence comes it, their best fortunes some refuse
 And the base bed of an inferior chuse:
 Part of my toyles remaines, and part is past
 Here doth my shaken ship her ancker cast.

FINIS.

TH





THE SECOND BOOKE.

Sing to *Pagan*, twice twice so say,
 My toyles are pitcht, & I haue caught my pray:
 Let the glad Louer crowne my head with bayes
 And before old blind *Homer* *Opid* praise.
 O did king *Pryams* sonne exulting skip,
 With the faire rauisht & *Hellen* in his ship:
 O did he sing that in his chariot runne,
 And *Victor* like the bright *Alanta* wonne.
 Whether away young man thy barke is lost,
 Or in the mid-sea farre from any coast:
 'Tis not enough to thee by my new art,
 To finde a Lady that commandes thy heart,
 The reach of my inuention is much deeper.
 By art thou her shalt win, by art shalt keepe her.
 As difficulte it is by art to blinde her,
 So thy desires, as at the first to finde her.
 In this consists the substance of my skill,
Opid and *Venus* both assist me still.
 And gracious *Erata* my stile prepare,
 Thou art the muse that hast of Louers care,
 Promise wondrous things, I will explaine,
 How sickle thoughts in loue may fast remaine.

Paris.
Pelops.

the tale of
Dedalus &
his sonne
Icarus.

And how the way in fetters may be hurld,
That strays and wanders round about the world:
Yet is Ioue light and hath too wings to fly:
Tis hard to outstripe him mounting the skie.
What *Minos* to his guest alwayes denied,
A desperate passage through the aire he tried:
As *Dedalus* the *Labyrinth* hath built,
In which to shut the *Queen Paliphaes* guilt.
Kneeling he sayes, Iust *Minos* end my moanes,
And let my native country shroud my bones.
Grant me great king, what yet the fates deny,
And where I haue not liued o let me die:
Or if dread *Soueraigne* I deserue no grace,
Looke with a pitious eye on my child's face.
And grant him I haue, from whence we are exile,
Or pity me, if you de y my childe.
This and much more he sayes, but all in vaine:
Both sonne and sire still doth the king detaine.
Which he perceiuing, sad, now now tis fit,
To geue the world cause to admire thy wit:
The Land and Sea are watcht by day and night,
Nor land nor sea lies open to our flight:
Onelie the ayre remains, then let vs trie,
To cut a passage through the aire and flie:
Ioue be suspicious to my enterprise,
I couet not to mount about the skies,
But make this refuge since I can prepare,
No meane to flie my Lord, but through the aire:
Make me immortall, bring me to the brim,
Of the blacke *Stigian* waters, *Stix* Ile swim.
Oh humane wit thou canst inuent much ill,
Thou searchest strange arts who would think by skill
A heauy man like a light bird should flay,
And through the empirie heauens find a fit way.

He

He placeth in iust order all his quils,
 Whose bottoms with resolved wax he fills?
 Then bindes them with a line, and being fast tide,
 He placeth them like oares on either side.
 The little lad the downie feath'rs blew,
 And what his father wrought he nothing knew:
 The wax he softened with the strings he plaid,
 Not thinking for his shoulders they were made:
 To whom his father spake, and then lookt pale,
 With these swift ships we to our land must saile,
 All passage now doth cruell *Minos* stop,
 Onely the empty aire he still leaues open:
 That way must we, the land and the rough deepe,
 Both *Minos* barre the aire, he can not keepe,
 But in the way beware thou let no eie,
 On the signe *Virgo* nor *Bootes* hie:
 Looke not the blacke *Orion* in the face,
 That beares a sword, but iust with me keepe place,
 Thy wings are now in fastning, follow me,
 I will before thee flie, as thou shalt see.
 Thy father mount or steepe, so I attend thee,
 Take me thy guide and safely I will lead thee.
 If we should soare too neare great *Phaebus* seat,
 The melting wax will not endure the heate.
 Or if we fly too neare the humid seas,
 Our moistened wings we shall not shake with ease,
 Betweene both and with the gusts that rise,
 Thy light bodie saile amidst the skies.
 And euer as his little sonne he charmes,
 He fixes the feathers to his tender armes,
 And shewes him how to moue his body light,
 As birds do reach the little young ones flight:
 Thus he calls a counsell of his wits,
 And his owne wings vnto his shoulders fits.

Being about to rise he fearefull quakes,
 And in his new way his faint body shakes;
 But ere he tooke his flight he kist his sonne,
 Whilst floods of tears downe by his cheeks did run
 There was a hillock not so high and tall,
 As lofty mountains be: nor yet so small:
 To be with vallies euen, and yet a hill,
 From this they both attempt their vncouth skill
 The father moues his wings and with respect,
 His eyes upon his wandring sonne reflect.
 They beare a spacious course and the apt boy.
 Fearlesse of harmes in his new tract doth ioy.
 And flies more boldly now vpon them lookes,
 The fishermen that angle in the brookes.
 And with their eyes cast vpwards frighted stand,
 By this is *Samos* Isle on ther left hand:
 With *Maxos*, *Paros*, *Delphos*, and the rest,
 Fearlesse they take the course that likes them best
 Vpon ther right hand *Scythos*, they forsake.
 Now *Aspelea* with thy fishie lake:
 Shadie *Pachinne* full of woods and groues;
 When the rash boy to bold in ventring roues.
 Looses his guide, and takes his flight so hie.
 That the soft wax against the Sunne doth fry.
 And the cords slip that made the feathers fast,
 So that his armes haue power vpon no blast:
 He fearefully from the high clouds looks downe,
 Vpon the lower beuens whole curld waues frowne
 At his ambitious height, and from the skies,
 He sees black night and death before his eyes
 Now melts the wax his naked arme he shake.
 And seeking to catch hold no hold he takes.
 But now the naked lad downe headlong falls,
 And by the way he father; father calls?

Helpe father, helpe he cries, and as he speakes
 A violent waue his course of language breakes,
 The vnhappy father, but no father now,
 Cryes out aloud, sonne *Icarus* where art thou?
 Where art thou *Icarus*? where dost thou fly?
Icarus where art? when straight he doth espie,
 The feathers swimme, thus loud he doth exclaime,
 The earth his bones, the Sea still keeps his name.
Minos could not restraine a man from flight,
 But winged *Cupid* be he nere so light.
 He gulls himselfe that seekes to witches craft,
 Or with a young colts forehead make a draft.
 No power in wise *Medeus* potions dwells,
 Nor drowned poysons mixt with magicke spels.
 The power of Loue is not inforc'd by theie,
 For were it so, then had *Erysonides*.
 Scene stayd by *Phasius*, and *Plisse* kept,
 Who stole from *Circe*, while the inchantresse slept.
 These charmed drugs moues madnesse: hurts the
 To gaine pure loue, pure loue returne again, (brain
 Mischieuous thoughts eschew to purchase grace.
 Manners preuailes more then a beauctious face,
 And yet the *Nymphes* the loue of *Nilus* seeke,
 And *Homer* doats on *Nienreus* the faire Greeke,
 But trust not thou the beautie to keepe kind,
 Thy mistris seekes the beauty of thy minde
 All outward beautie fades at yeares increase,
 Euen so it weares away and waxeth lesse.
 Beautie in her owne course is ouertaken,
 The violet now fresh is, strait forsaken.
 Nor allwayes do the Lilles of the field,
 The glorious beauties of their obiect yeeld,
 The fragrant rose once pluckt the briery throne,
 Shews rough & naked, on which the rose was born

*Vse in
 Charmes*

*No Magicke
 potions*

*Vse man-
 ners.*

Oh thou most faire, white haire come on apace,
 And wrinkled furrowes which will plough thy face
 Instruct thy soule, thy thought haue perfect made,
 These beauties last till death, all others fade.
 To lib'ral arts thy careful hower apply,
 Learne many tongues with thir true Euphony
Ulysses was not faire but eloquent,
 Yet to his Love the *Sea Nymphes* did consent.
 How often did the Witch his stay implore,
 Making the Seas unfit for layle or care:
 She pra'd him oft, because he spake so well,
 O'er and o'er *Troyes* sad fate to tell.
 Whilst he with pithy words and fluent phrase,
 Recites the selfe same storie due's wayes:
Calips as they on th *Sea* benke stood,
 Casting their eyes vpon the neighbouring flood:
 Desires the fall and bloody act to heare,
 Wrought by the *Ordison* Captaines sword & spear
 Then he looke twixt his fingers a white wand,
 What she requests he drawes vpon the sand
 Here's *Troy* quoth he, and then the walls he paints
 Thinke *Simois* this, imagine these my tents:
 There was a place in which *Dolon* was slaine,
 About the vigill watch when with the raine
 The *Hemorian* horses play, and as he speakes,
 To counterfeit that place the sand he breakes,
 Here *Senbrian* *Rubius* tents are picht on high,
 This way his horten en slaine, returned
 More did he draw, when on the sudaine low,
 A clming waue the shore doth ouerflow.
 And a her drops amidst his workes doth fall,
 It washt away his tents his *Troy* and all
 To which the Goddes dare *Ulysses* try,
 These fencelesse violent waues that clime so hie:
 And

And wilt thou with these waters be annoyed,
 By which so great names are so soone destroyed.
 Then tru't no idle shape, it will decay,
 Seeke inward beauty, such as last for aye:
 Sweete affability will enter farre
 Into a womans breast, when scorne breeds warre.
 We hate the h. wke and loath her flesh to eate,
 Because by rapine she doth get her meate.
 The Wolfe we hunt, and enuy all her stocke,
 Because the Lambe she kils, and spoiles the flocke.
 But none the gentle swallow layes to catch,
 The louing stockes within our turrets hatch,
 Away with quarrels, bitter words, rough deeds,
 Loue with kind language and faire speeches peeds
 Strife makes the married couple often iarre:
 The man with wife, the wife with a. to warre:
 Leauē brauls to wiuēs they are their marriage do-
 And with kinde words salute thy Paramour (wer,
 When by appointment you shall meet in bed,
 By the lawes done, you are not th. her led:
 Strict statutes from such actions still withdraw,
 Yet your abounding loue supplie the Law:
 Bring louing speeches to eachant the eare,
 And mouing words such as the sores to heare:
 I am not Tutor vnto him that's rich,
 My precepts soare not to so high a pitch.
 The Louer that's endow'd with gold or tee,
 And comes with gifts, he hath no need of mee.
 He that at euery word can take supply,
 Hath in that euery word more wit then I:
 We yeld to him he that their laps can fill.
 Teacheh an art that goes beyond my skill.
 My Muse instructs poore Louers wanting pelfe,
 For when I lou'd I was but poore my selfe.

Be affable

Shun Str

Be louing

Still as my purse no store of crownes affords,
 I in the stead of rich gifts give fair word:
 Be fearfull you poore louers to displease,
 Be patient to endure things against your ease,
 Things that the rich would scorne, it was my hap:
 Once as my head lay in my mistris lap:
 To grow inrag'd, when straight I fell to beate her,
 To rouse her ordered locks and ill intreate her.
 But what ensude oh God, much grieve it cost me,
 Many sweet dayes, many sweet nights it lost a.e.
 Whether I toucht her cloathes, I might dony,
 She sayes I tore them, I some new must buy:
 You Schollers by your Masters harmes beware,
 These ill by him already proued are.
 Make against the *Parthians* warre, but to thy Loue
 Being concord peace, and all things that can moue:
 Though at the first you finde him but vn toward,
 Beare it, and she in time will proue lesse froward.
 The crooked arme that from the tree is cut
 By gentle vsage is made straine, but putt
 Such violence is it as thy strength deliuer
 And thou wilt breake the short wood into shiures,
 By industry thou maist ore swimme a flood,
 Whose raging currant else is scarce withstood.
 By industry the *Tigers* gently grow:
 And the wild *Lions* may be tamed so.
 The sauage *Fall* whose fierce ire doth prouoke,
 By industry is brought vnto the yoke:
Arcadian Atalanta was most cruelie,
 At length came one whom she esteem'd her Iewell.
 Oh wept *Hippomenes* at his mishap,
 And her senerity who sought to intreat
 Her harmlesse *Louers*, oft, at her fierce becke,
 He laid betwixt his shoulders and her necke.

The

The toyles for savage Beasts; and with his speare,
 He pierst such vntam'd cattell as came neare:
 To such hard taskes I do not thee compell
 To arme thy body against Monsters fell.
 In the wide wilderness to seeke out broyles,
 Nor on thy necke to beare the guilefull toyles.
 My imposition is not seuerer:

No such aduentures are inioyned here.
 This onely meanes all dangers will disperse:
 Yeeld her her humour when she goes perverse:
 What she in conference argues, argue thou.
 What she approues, in seltesame words allow,
 Say what she saies, deny what she denies,
 If she laugh, laugh, if she weepe wet thine eyes.
 And let thy countenance be to thine a law,
 To keepe thy actions and thy lookes in awe:

Or if thou hand to hand shalt play at dice,
 At tables or at chests by some deuile,

Humor her.

Let her deparr a Conquerour else'twere sinne,
 What gladly thou wouldst loole, that let her win.

*Loose to her
at game!*

Let thy officious hand then beare her fan. (man)

*Beare her
fanne.*

When thou shalt chance her through the streets to
 Make thy supporting arme to hers a stay,
 Through throngs and pressis vsber her the way.

As she ascends her bed let her a staire.

By which to elime and every thing prepare:

That she may see them done without offence,

Reach thou her pantesles or take them thence.

And standing by to watch her while she rests,

Warne thy cold hands betwixt her panting breasts

Nor thinke it base, 'twill please though it be base,

To hold the glasse vnto thy Mistresse face.

He that deseru'd within those heauen to carry:

Hercules

Which he before vpon his backe did carry.

Performing

Performing more then *Iuno* could command him
 So wrong, that no fierce monster could withstand him
 Even he *Al ides Iolus*. Grace to win.
 Shapt like a woman, did both eard and spin.
 Go thou, and in his seruill place proceed,
 And gaine as faire a mistress for thy need:
 Art thou inioyn'd at such an hower to be,
 In the great *Forum* where she waites for thee.
 Hasten thy weary steps and thank thy fate,
 Come there beuies: depart not thence till late:
 Bids she thee go, all businesse lay apart,
 Run, till with extreame heate thou melt thy heart.
 Sups she abroad, and wants the one to attend her,
 Backe to her lodging, it will not offend her:
 To wait her at the same place in the porch,
 And light her home directly with a torch:
 Is she in the Country. and commands thee come,
 Hast thou no coach vpon thy ten toes run.
 Let neither winter blast nor stormes of haile,
 Nor the hot thirline dogstarre let thee faile:
 Shun neither heate nor cold but see thou go,
 Though euery step, thou treadst knee deep in snow
 Loue is a kinde of war, all such depart,
 As beare a timorous or a sloathfull heart. (ons,
 Nights, winters, long waies, watching griele in mili-
 Torments Loues souldiers in their soft pavilions:
 On cold ground thou must lie, beare many a shower
 When the heauens open and the floudgates powr.
 So *Phabus* when *Ametus* sheepe he kept,
 In a thatcht cottage on the cold flower slept.
 What *Phabus* did, who may it not beleeue,
 Better then *Phabus* or himselfe esteeme:
 What mortall louer dare, then sloth despise,
 You that confirm'd and lasting loue deuise.

If at the outward gate a watch stand centry,
 Or say the bolts or locks deny the entry: (crall,
 Search some strange passage, through a casement
 Or by a cord downe from the chimney fall.
 Thee in her louing armes the strano will take,
 Reioicing thou wouldst hazard for her sake:
 Euery vaine feare and danger thou dost proue,
 I a sure pled e and token of thy loue:
 Oft had *Leander* without *Hiro* slept,
 To find his loue into the sea he leapt.
 Thinke it no shame the fauour to des rue,
 Of euery Maid: that doth thy Mistris serue:
 Salute them by their names in curter us sort,
 For the e are they that can prefeire thy sport.
 And more and more into their grace to grow,
 Some trifling gifts on each of them bestow:
 Especially regard her smiles or frownes:
 Whose office is to brush her Mistris gownes:
 To her make meanes, for she is groome porter,
 Both to her bed, and such as do resort her:
 Great and rich gifts I do not bid thee send her,
 I meane thy loue, but knacks of vali e slender:
 As when the orchard boughes are clad with fruite,
 In some choise dish from thence commed hy lute
 And let the little page that beares them lay,
 Though the u perhapshast bought them by the way
 These pears, or plums, or graps which I present you
 As his first fruites were by Mistris sent you.
 Or bothey hazell nuts, or chesnuts great,
 Euen such as *Amarilis* lou'd to eate.
 Or a young *Turkie*, thele will shew thy hart
 These gifts send freely, lay thy gold apart:
 Such presents neuer bring men to dispaire,
 To vntimely age, or to tormenting care.

Hazard for
ner.

To use be
maides.

What gift
to send

O let them amongst others rot and perish,
 That hate mens person, and their presence cherish.
 What shall I bid thee send her, sweetest times,
 Alas, they find small honour in these times,
 Verses they praise, but gold they most require,
 If rich, though barbarous, he commands desire:
 This is the golden age, not that of old,
 Both life and honour are now bought with gold,
 Though *Homer* bring the Muses in the traine,
 Yet without gold he may retire again:
 Some girls their be but they be passing few,
 Worthy to rancke amongst that learned crew.
 Others vnlearned there are yet would be held,
 As if in skill in iudgment they excel'd:
 Both let thy verses praise, and in a stile,
 Of sweetest posse their worthes compile:
 Perhaps thy laboured lines they may esteeme:
 And like a slight gift thy sweet verses seeme.
 What thou intend'st to do by some fine feat,
 Cause of thy Lady may of thee entreat.
 Art thou by couenant tide, and must it be,
 That thou of force must set thy seruant free:
 Contrive it so, that it she dare protest,
 Thou hadst not freed him but at her request.
 Art thou for any rash offence asswag'd,
 So make thy peace, that she may be ingag'd:
 Do as thy profit leades thee and yet so,
 That she for euery thing thou dost may owe.
 And thou that hast attain'd by passions deepe,
 Thy Ladies grace and wouldst her fauour keepe.
 Make her beleue still when thou view'st her so
 Through all the world she is the fairest creature.
 If cloth of Tire she weare that habit laud,
 Her Tertian vesture with thy tongue applaud.

If silke which we from rich *Arabia* traffike,
 Swear such attire cannot be found through *Affricke*,
 If cloth of gold she weare, tush gold is base,
 If you compare her habit to her face:
 If in the cold she but a freezegowne weare,
 Then her perfection makes that garment deare.
 Is she compleatly drest, and rapt with ioy?
 Cry out aloud my heart burnes bright as *Troy*.
 Doth she about her forehead part her haire?
 That louely seene doth make her twice as faire.
 Are her curld locks in careless tresses dangled?
 In these crispe knots thy heart must be intangled.
 If she doth dance, admire her actiue feet,
 If sing then wonder at her voice so sweet.
 But when she ceaseth, either then complaine,
 Intreating her to try her skill againe.
 Do this and were her heart as hard as brasse,
 Or more obdurate then *Medusaes* was,
 Yet she in time shall be compeld to yeeld,
 And thou depart a Conqueror from the field.
 Onely beware of too apparent flattery,
 It will destroy the sledge and tedious battery.
 Dissembling with Art, tempered much imports,
 Else from all future credit it deborts.
 In Autumne when the yeare is in his pride,
 And the grape full with wine red's on the side,
 When the cleare aire keeps a deuided seate,
 Affording sometimes cold and on times heate.
 Women are prone to loue healthfull and quick,
 But if by chance thy Lady be false sick,
 Make both thy loue, zeale, faith, & all things cheap,
 Then sow what with full sickle thou maiest reape,
 Cast all about her longing thoughts to please,
 Seeme not as if thou lothest her disease!

Her dance
 Her voice

Imploy thy hand in each thing done to her,
 These offices euen of themselves will woo her;
 Let her behold thee weepe as thou standst by
 That she may drinke each teare falls from thy eye,
 Vow manie things, but all in publicke stile
 Tell her thy pleasing dremes for make her smile.
 And let the trembling nurse thought fit to watch,
 Bring in her shaking hand a kindled match;
 Let her peru'se the bed and make it soft,
 Whilst with thy hand thou turnst & rearest her oft:
 These are the easie footsteps thou maist tread,
 Which haue made way to manie a wanton bed;
 No such faire office can with hate be stained,
 Rather by these affection is so ne gained.
 But minister no drugs of bitter iuice,
 Such let the riual temper to his vse.
 Now greater gifts must to my Barke giue motion,
 Being from the shore launcht forth into the ocean.
 Young loue at first is weake and craves forbearing
 But in continuance gathers strength by wearing:
 Yon moodie bull of whom thou art afraid
 Being but a calf thou with his horns hast plaid.
 That tree beneath whose branches thou dost stand
 To sheeld thee from a storme was once a wand:
 A Riuer at the first not once a stride,
 Increaseth as he runs his waters wide,
 Receiuing in Fresh brookes in diuers ranks,
 Till he in pride haue overflowne his banks,
 Vse to conuerse with her, the speeder knowes,
 What strength from custom & acquaintance grows
 Frequent her often, be from her selfe away,
 Keepe in her eare and eie both night and day,
 And yet sometimes from these thou maist deist,
 'Tis good one should be asked for being mist

Be absent from her some conuenient season,
 And let her rest a while it is but reason.
 The field being star'd returnes vs treble gaine,
 After great drough, the earth carrouses raine:
 Phillis did loue Demophoon but not dome,
 Vntill she saw his flying ship a floate.
 Penelope her absent Lord did mourne,
 So I Modemia d d till the returne,
 Other deare spouse but be not long away.
 Cares per the new leue er ters by delay.
 When Menelaus from his house is gone,
 Poore Hellen is afraid to lie alone.
 And to allay heit feares lodg'd in her breast,
 In her warme bo some she receiues her guest.
 What madnesse was it Menelaus say,
 Thou art abroad whilst in thy house doth stay,
 Vnder the selfe same rooffe thy guest and Loue,
 Madman vnto the Hawke to turne the Dove.
 And who but such a guil would giue to keepe,
 Vnto the mountaine wofe full fold of sheepe,
 Hellen is blameless, so is Paristee,
 And did what thou or I my selfe would do.
 The fault is thine I tell thee to thy face,
 By limiting these louers time and place,
 From thee the seed of all thy wrongs a'c growne,
 Whose counsell hath she followed but thy owne.
 Alas what should she do, abroad thou art,
 At home thou leau'st thy guest to play thy part
 To lie alone the poore wench is afraid,
 In the next room e an amorous stranger laid,
 Her armes are open to embrace him he falls in,
 And Paris I acquit thee of thy sinnet
 Neither the bristled Boare in his fierce wrath,
 Torne by the rauenuous dogs more anger hath.

Be absent
from her.

Phyllis.

Womans
rage.

Nor

Nor the she Lion hid within some ake,
 Seeking her lost whelp, hid within some brake,
 Nor the short Viper doth more anger threaten,
 Whom some yuwerie heele hath crusht and beaten,
 Then a fierce woman shewes her selfe in mind,
 Her dearest in adulterous armes to find.
 Oh then she swells, her fierd eie burnes apace,
 And you may see her thought writ in her face:
 Through swordes, through flames she rushes, ther
 So gricuous but she acts it with her will: (no ill.
 This breakes all mutuall lone though well com-
 pounded,
 This destroies all, though nere so firmelie ground-
 ed.

Medea did her husbands guilt repaire,
 And with her bloudie hand *Aspiteris* slay.
 Yon Swallow which thou seest was such another,
 Before her transformation a fierce mother:
 And that he deeds may yet be vnderstood:
 The feathers of her breast were staine with blood.
 But for all this I take not thy affection,
 Of one, and her alone to make election:
 You Gods defend the fords should proue so deepe,
 These married men haue much adoe to keepe.
 Play you the wantons, but being done conceale it,
 And by no brag or foolish boasts reueale it.
 Meete at no certaine houre, giue no knowne gift,
 Thy vsuall place of meeting often shift;
 It may be sroud disturbers some may send thee,
 And spialls may be set to apprehend thee,
 And when thou writest peruse thy letter first,
 Before thou send some, take things at the worst.
Venus being wrong'd, makes war still mouing sorrow
 Who late from others griefe their mirth did borrow
 While

Whilst Agamemnon li'd with one contented,
 His Wife watcht and neuer it repented;
 His secret blows her heart did so pricke,
 Wanning a sword she with the scabbard stroke,
 She heares of Chiffes and the many lures,
 About L'rwes to increase the warres,
 And therefore meet revenge the Lady chames,
 To take Thissie in her amorous armes.
 If when thou hast gone on thy nighty errand,
 The act by circumstance peeres too apparent,
 Deny it stedfastly, what ere they know,
 And boldly face them that it was not so;
 Be not so sad or oft too mirthfull cheere,
 Least in thy countenance thy deeds appeere,
 In thy close meetings vse thy nimble hand,
 It may perhaps a bould intruder be.
 And after so repulsd seale the fore,
 But venture not too rashly on thy spore,
 Many there be by whose vnskillfull motions,
 You are preferred strong drugs and diuine potions
 To make you listie they are poyson all,
 To infect the body and inflame the gall,
 Pepper with biting needles feed they saie,
 Of bashed pellicory some few sticke,
 Which beauen and in old wine drunk vp cleare,
 Makes spitefull men of their standards beare,
 The Goddesse that beneath high Erys sittes,
 Vnto her pleasure no such blood contriuites,
 White stallions broughte you from Myce, from Troy,
 With garden sage made saluen to thy noy,
 Take new laid eggs, fresh hony from the Bees,
 Fine apple nuts full ripe, as much as duste (gilds)
 This holdsome fare breeds nought, corrupt or ill,
 What hath my Art to do wit h halish Magike.

Thou that but now wast hid thy guilt to hide,
 Turnes from that course, boast and in it take pride,
 Nor blame the lightnesse of thy Tutors mind,
 You see we do not saile still with one wind,
 Sometimes the East, and when his fury faileth
 West, North and South by turn doth fill our saile
 The Chariot driuer sometimes flakes his raires,
 Sometimes againe horses he resuaires,
 Many there be which calmes much doth blind,
 And if the hand a riuell grow vnkind,
 Prosperity makes humane minds grow rancie,
 Themselves to know, on their great God to thank,
 Nor is it held an easie thing to find,
 Men that all fortunes beare with equall mind.
 As fire, his strength being wasted hides his head,
 In the white ashes sleeping though not dead.
 And when a suddaine blast doth come by chance,
 Spare fire and light all wake as from a trance,
 So when with death and rest the spirits grow blunne,
 Let us must be quickened euen as fire is wont.
 Make her the least end to looke pale sometime,
 By shewing her some instance of thy crimes,
 Which she suspected erst in some strange vaines,
 Must she abide whilst she thy guilt complains.
 No longer she report of this assailes her,
 But colour, voice, and every sense strait failes her.
 Then let me see whole face she madly teares,
 Whom she desire to haue straight by the eares.
 Hate me she must and yet good God she may not,
 Without me liue she will (alas) she cannot.
 Dwell not vpon this passion, but at length
 Make peace, in little time rage gathers strength,
 By this her white neck with thy arme embrace,
 Drying the tears that tricke downe her face,

Kisse her yet weeping, her yet weeping show,
 All the proud sweets the Queen of Ioue doth know
 This makes true concord in her greatest rage,
 These spurs alone her passion can assuage,
 Peace goes vnarm'd & knows not warlike fashion,
 This happy peace is knowne among all Nations
 Doves by their nōbring songs shew their good will,
 But now they fought & now they loyne their bill,
 The first confused Masse no order knew,
 Earth Sea and Heauen, had all one face, one hue
 Strait was the heauens the earth large covering,
 The shore guirt in the Sea not to invade,
 Either in others bounds then euer cast,
 And each thing in their seuerall part increast,
 The woods receiue the beasts, the birds take
 Fish the Sea choose and the land forsake,
 Man wanders in the field and knows no art,
 Meare strength his body rules, meare lust his hart,
 Grous were his cities, shadowed bow his dwelling,
 Water his drink all other drinks excelling,
 And long it was ere man the woman knew,
 Till pleasure did their appetites pursue,
 And then vpon these vngnown sweets the vncord
 Where many a virgins tort was scald and curd
 Art they had none, no man then plaid the Suter,
 But lay with her and liu'd without a tutor,
 Euen so one bird doth with another toy,
 And the male fish doth with the female loy,
 The Hart the Doe doth follow, serpents to
 As with the tospenn held their seat to doe,
 The hounds in their adulterate parts were fast,
 The toyfull Ewe receiues the Ram at last,
 The Cow with lusty bellowing meets the Bull,
 And the ranke he Goate finds the female uill.

The Mare to my the valiant horses courage
 Swims over fords, and doth large pastures forrage
 To thy offended love give this strong potion,
 And perfect friendship shall succede the motion.
 This medicine rightly used all hate expels,
 Apply it then others it far exceeds,
 As I was writing, loe the God of she,
 Appares, and with his thorn be he stroke his life.
 In his right hand a branch of Lawrell grew,
 A Lawrell chaplet I might likewise view,
 Cucke he know, though all men do not know it,
 This shewes the Sunnes God Phobus is a Poet.
 Who after mowing of his head thus spake
 Mistress of Love, thy amorous Schollers take
 And lend them to my temple built on high,
 There is an old Sunne knowne in every tide,
 Which by his Characts doth plainly shew
 That every man must learne himselfe to know
 Alone he wisely loves that can do so.
 He that is faire may shew his amorous face,
 Whole skinn is white to do his colour grace,
 Ly naked with his necke and shoulders bare,
 Let him than silence, whose discourse is rare.
 He that sings, sing by art, that drinks drink so,
 By art and without cunning nothing do.
 Let not the learned in their words debase,
 Nor the vaine Poet prate of his own praise.
 So Phobus warnes, Phobus himselfe hath said it,
 And his best words are worthy to be read it.
 To come more neare the Lover shall I now wisely,
 If these my precepts be observed precisely,
 Shal reach his wish, at earth brings not all increase
 Ships when the winds keep in, their course do

Few be our helpes, but many be our troubles,
 Small is our succourance which our let still dubles,
 A Louer must endure much griefe besides,
 For every Hare in Time that abides,
 For every berry that the Olive yeelds,
 For every spike of grasse sprong in the fieldes,
 For every shell strowed on the salt sea shore,
 Loue hath one griefe to tast, and ten griefs more.
 Art told that she abroad, but now did wonder,
 Yet in the window seest her with her Pander.
 Blame thou thine eyes, for it shall much auail thee
 Think not that newes, but that thy eye hath said
 thee,

Locks she the doore she promised to leaue open,
 O thinke not she deceitfully hath spoken.
 Take vp thy lodging make thy bed thy floore,
 Thy pillow the cold threshold of the doore.
 Perhaps a Maide from high may cast a stone,
 And aske what's he doth keep the gates without.
 Yet both the Maide and rude posts do thou flatter,
 Sprinkling the seats and portalls with rose water.
 If she call come if bid thee go, then trudge.
 Baites she vpon thee, doth she call thee drudge:
 May doth she knocke thee, beare it, it is meete,
 Nor scorne it though she bid thee kisse her feet.
 I dwell on trifles, greater matters heare,
 To which thou people lend a generall eare.
 On strict impositions now we enter.
 Vertue is still employed no hard aduenter,
 A small brooke do this, and by last power,
 Thou art inthrong'd a Conquerour in his tower.
 Oh thinke me not a man that thus doth teach,
 Some rough hew'd stake doth thus hard doctrine
 preach.

This is the hardest thing I can impose thee,
 If she desire beare it, if she shewes thee
 Her hand; for beare to read it every day,
 When she calls come when she commands thee stay
 This even the married to lead penfull lines,
 Art oft enforc'd to endure of their faire wings:
 I am not perfect I must needs confesse,
 In this my art, though I this art professe,
 What shall I then my word I cannot keepe,
 I haue no power to swim a sea so deepe,
 Shall any kisse my Lady I being by,
 And to his brest shall I not madly fly,
 Shall any becken to her and I beare it,
 Shall any court her and I stand to heare it
 I saw one kisse my Mistis I complained,
 And anger all my vitall spirits constrained
 My loue alas with Barbarisme abound,
 And doth my wits and spirits whole confounds
 That Wittoll is much better skild then I,
 Who sees such fights and patiently stands by,
 To keepe the room where such things are in place,
 Despoiles the front of shamefastnesse and grace,
 Then oh you young men though you come to view
 Your loots beguile you, do not think it true
 Against all censures I euer hold this plea,
 It is not good to take them *Re; in Re;*
 Where two are taken napping both alike,
 Their mutuall guilt makes them the offender strike,
 This tale through heauen is blazd how ynwars
Venus and Mars was taken in *Pallan* snars
 The God of war doth in his brow discover,
 The perfect and true pauterne of a Lover.
 Nor could the Goddess *Venus* be so cruell,
 To deny *Mars*, fort kindesse is a lewell.

pride be

the sale of
wars and
mars

In any woman, and become her well,
 In this the Queen of Loue doth most excell,
 Oh God) how often haue they mockt and flouted,
 The smiths polt-foot, which nothing the misdoubt-
 Made iests by him and by his beerrimed trade, (red:
 And his smudg'd visage black with coledust made.
 Mars tickled with loud laughter when he saw,
 Venus like Vulture limpe, and halt, and draw,
 One foot behinde another with a grace,
 To counterfeir his odde and yneuen pace.
 Their meeting first they did conceale with feare,
 From euery searching eye and captiues care.
 The God of war and his lasciuious Dame.
 In publicke view were full of bathfull shame.
 But the Sonne spies how this sweet paire agree,
 Oh that bright Phoebus can be hid from thee.
 The Sonne both sees and blabs the sight forthwith
 And in all post he speeds to tell the Smith,
 Oh Sonne what bad example dost thou show,
 What thou in secret seest must all men know.
 For silence ask a bribe from her faire treasure, (sure
 She'l grant thee that shal make thee swet with plea-
 The god whose face is smudged with smoke and fire,
 Placeth about the bed a net of wire.
 So quiently made that it deceiues the eye,
 Stait as he faines to Lemnos he must hie:
 The louers meet where he the traine hath let,
 And both lay eacht within the wiery net.
 He calls the Gods, the louers naked spraule
 And cannot rise, the Queene of Loue the weas all.
 Mars chafes, and Venus weepes, neither can flinch
 Grappled they lye, in vain they kicke and winch:
 Their legs are one within anothers ry'd,
 Their hands so fast that they can nothing hide.

Among these high spectators once by chance,
 That saw them naked in this pitfall dance,
 Thus to himselfe said, it that is tedious be,
 Good God of warre bestow thy place on me.
 Scarce at thy prayers god Neptune he unboud the
 But would have left the as the gods ther found the
 The nets vntide, *Mars* sita repaires to *Ceres*,
Venus to *Paphos*, after that they meet.
 What did this helpe thee *Vulcan* shall I tell thee,
 Vnto more griefe and rage it will compell thee.
 The publicke meeting which at first shame couers
 Is now made free, who knowes not they be louers.
 There is no hope they should be now reclaim'd,
 Worse then they haue been, how should they be
 Ot thy rash deed it often doth repent thee, (tham'd
 Mad art thou in thy mind, yet must content thee.
 This I forbid you so doth *Venus* too,
 It harm'd her, and she forwarnes it you.
 Lay for thy riual then no secret snares,
 Nor intercept his tokens vnawares.
 Let those close pranks by such iust men be tride,
 That are by fire and water purifide.
 Behold once more I giue you all to know,
 Saue wanton loues my art doth nothing show.
 No gouern'd Matron well and chafly guided,
 I here protest is in my verse derided.
 What prophane man at *Ceres* kites dare smile,
 Or blab her secrets kept in *Samos* Ile.
 Silence is held a vertue, silence then,
 Tell tale and blabbe, for *Vener* hates such men:
 For blabbing *Tantalus* is plac'd in hell,
 And there must euer and for euer dwell
 Hungry, whilst ripened fruit hangs by his lip,
 Thirsty, whilst water by his chin doth slip:

But

But Venus more desires then any other,
 Her secret misteries and rights to smother
 I charge you let no tell tales hinder come,
 Such amongst manie there must needs be some;
 Her secrets from euery eare that list,
 And locke her secrets vp in brazen chests
 In their new birth till pleasures buried lie,
 Twixt vs they grow, betwixt vs let them die.
 Her naked parts, if she to any shewes,
 Her readie hand to shadow them she throwes,
 The shamelesse beasts in common field do stray,
 And set their generation at noone day.
 Which Maides by chance espying, cry oh spight,
 And through their fingers looke to see the light,
 But when our Louer with his mistris meets,
 Haue bed & doores shut twixt them and the streets
 With clothes & yailes their nakednes they shroud
 Withing the bright Sunne hid behind some cloud.
 Euen in those daies when men on Acorns fed,
 And the greene turfe was made the generall bed:
 When no tharcht cottage or poore house was build-
 ded.
 By which from heate of cold they might be shield-
 ded.
 Into the woods and caues the people went
 And their sweet pleasures there remotely spent.
 In the Sunnes presence they shew'd nothing bare,
 The rudest and most barbarous had his care.
 As loath the day should view their publick shame,
 Now to their nightly actions they giue names,
 Harshnes and priue it made in all their doings,
 And nothings costs vs deare then our wongs.
 Let not ahy talke be when thou com'st in place,
 To say she, this, or that wench did me grace.

North.
 Or

Or point then with thy finger, it may fall
 Thus thou maist loose her whom thou louest & all
 Others there be from street to street do wander,
 And innocent women in their shops do stander,
 Forging of them they know not many a lye,
 Which were they true the gladly would dye,
 For who command not they their spoile is such,
 Whose breast they cannot fold their name the touch
 Go then thou odious Pander that keeps whores,
 A thousand locks hang fast vpon thy doores,
 Part of her honest canst thou keepe within,
 When her whole name abroad is full of sinne,
 Do not their wanton wishes make them nought,
 When they desire to be as they are thought,
 Sincereest Loues we sparingly do teach,
 Yet like no publicke craft their names in peach,
 Dissemble every fault in their complections,
 Hit not in womens teeth their imperfections,
 I wish you rather smother them, then blame them,
 They loue if you praise them, hate if shate them,
Andromeda was belly sides and backe,
 To *Perseus* seen, he did not rearme her blacke,
Andromeda she was of to haue a stature,
 One louing *Hector* prail'd her gifts of nature:
 And lik'd her selfe, at the first despised,
 Seem not so grosse when men be well aduised,
 Continuance and acquaintance wears away,
 Such spoils as are apparant the first day,
 A young plant clothed in a tender rinde,
 Cannot withstand the fury of the wind,
 But when his bark is growne, he scoras each blast,
 In spite of whom he growe and bears at last,
 Eury succeeding week and following day,
 Takes from acquainted lookes a staine away,

And

necessary
 seruations
 a lover.

And what to day a grosse blot thou wouldst gage
 To morrow in thy eye appears much less.
 Young Heifers cannot be tickt to beare,
 The snake and lustie Bull for the first yeare
 But their society acquaints the smell,
 After continuance they can brooke it well.
 Then fauour their disgraces and relieue them,
 Blemishes helpe by the good names you giue them
 To her whose skin is blacke as Ebon was,
 I haue said ere now, Oh 'tis a good browne lasse.
 Or if she looke a squint, as I am true,
 So Venus looks if she be black of hew,
 Pale for the world like Pallas be she growne:
 Yellow by heauens Minerva vp and downe:
 If she be tall then for her height commend her,
 She that is leane like Enue terme her slender:
 She that is dwarfish name her light and quick,
 And call her well set grubbed thick,
 She that is puffed like *trunks* in the cheek,
 Is but full fac'd, and Daphne she is like:
 Thus qualifie their faults, nor to disgrace them,
 But in a higher rank of beantie place them:
 Or hapnest thou of but one dimme of sight,
 Wrinkled her brow, her grised haire runnd white
 Her nose and chin hallo meet she would take leorn
 To tell who Counsell was when she was borne.
 Then if to such thy loue thou wilt engage,
 Looke that at no time thou dost aske her age.
 Though she wants teeth and haue a flatering tong
 Yet she takes paines to be counted young,
 This is the age young men that brings the gaine:
 And plenteous harvest of the spring tides paine,
 Employ your selues then in your youth & strength
 Age with a soft space follows on you at length
Spend

Spend then the youth at Sea or till the land,
 Or take a warlike weapon in thy hand;
 Follow the wars, siege towne, or lye in trenches;
 Or if not so, then leare to loue faire wenches.
 It is a warfare too, when men are trained,
 And euen by this employment wealth is gained.
 Such discipline, such profit must be vied
 By vs, as those who hostile armes haue chided.
 Some women by their industry and paines,
 The losse of yeares recouer and regaines.
 Times speedy course is by their art controld;
 They can preferre themselves from seeming old,
 Their amorous pastimes and lasciuious playes,
 They shape and fashion many thousand wayes.
 With sundry pleasures they their trade commix,
 And euery seuerall day deuise new tricks.
 They can promote the appetite and please it,
 Consume the spirit up and straine appease it.
 But these rich casts of sweets which they prepare,
 Women and men should both of euen hands share.
 I hate the bed that yeelds not mutuell ioyes,
 And than the cause I loue not nupling boyes.
 I hate her desires that no spirit will vse,
 Yeelding no more then what she cannot chuse.
 I like not pleasure, though I like the beautie,
 Lasses of Loue performe not but of duty.
 Duty awy, I banish thee the place,
 Where mutuell Louers mutuell sweets embrace,
 Let me the musick of her soft voice heare,
 Whispering her ran the pleasure in my eare,
 To bid me on, then pause, proceed, then stay,
 And tired with that, to try some other way,
 Let me behold her eyes starre up the whites,
 Now to be rapt, now languish in delights.

These prodigall pleasures nature hath not giuen,
 To the first age a little above seuentie.
 The wine that from the vnsipre grape is prest,
 Is tart, and sower, the mellow wine casts best
 The palme tree till it hath a well growne rinde,
 Cannot withstand the violence of the winde.
 The mead new mowne doth pricke the feet that's
 I grant that young Herminie was faire: (bare
 But to preserve the girl before the mother,
 The beauteous Helan neither one nor other
 Can so blaspheme, as heres Gorge some adore here
 But who praise her before the Saint that bore her
 Now I suppose ripe fruites I most approue,
 And in my thoughts I couer mellowed loue.
 You be new toft, behold where it discouers,
 The curiales being drawne to wamon iourts
 There stay my mule, no further now proceed,
 Without thy help they both can speake and speed.
 Without thy help kind words will quickly passe,
 Between the Loue and his amorous Lasse:
 Without thy help their hands will nimble creep,
 And in each ticklish place their offices keep.
 Say every finger will a selfe employe,
 To add more ease to thy imperfect loye (hide,
 Handling those parts where loue his darts doth
 This valiant Hector with his wife hath trides
 Heremath to this of fower mast yeeld,
 The valour was not onely for the field
 His stout Achilles of his loue desired,
 When with the slaughter of his enemies died,
 He caught his culler and yorn'd his hand
 To tumble with her on a downe soft bed,
 Thou didst reingae Crisus to embrace,
 He beuiled corpes, and kisse his blood stained face.
 These

These worldly hand that did but late embrace
 Themselves in bloud of *Treason* when they flow
 Were now in play'd to tickle touch and stole,
 And shalve a lance, but hath no point off Steele,
 Beleeve me, for I speak as I haue tasted,
 The sports of *Venus* are not to be hasted,
 They should be rather by degrees prolonged
 By too much speed much of the sport is wronged
 When thou by chance hast hit upon the place,
 Which being toucht a girl still hides her face
 For beare not though she blush & spring & kicke
 And tumbling shew thee many a gamble trick
 Thou shalt behold her straightly still amazed
 Her eyes with a lascivious tincture glazed
 Affording a strange kinde of humide light,
 As when the Moone in water shines by night,
 Let neither amorous words scale their inclination
 Murreur nor whispering sounds of loves wanton
 Yea their let early sweet content resort,
 Eucry word, heed and thought that furth'ersport
 Let not thy mistis vie to swiftnesse fall,
 Nor lea thy hand beyond her speed & p'ualle
 Both keep one course, your eares together strike
 Your journeyes on then, make your p'celler
 Together strive at once win to the mark,
 You may no question grope it in the dark
 Then is the fullness of all sweet content,
 When both at once strive both at once are spent
 Such course obserue when as the time is fixed
 And that no ialous eyes attend on thee
 Being secure no future danger feare
 Then thou maist boldly dally without feare
 But if thou beest not safe, and hast short leasure,
 Doubtfull to be disturbd amidst thy pleasure,

Make then what speed thou canst, use all thy force
 And clap a sharp spur to a iade pack horses
 My work is at an end the palme bring me,
 And let the Mirdle garland be my fee
 How much renowned great *Follidors* was
 That all the *Greeks* in *Phibick* did surpasse,
 As famous as great *Nessus* for his age,
 Or strong *Achilles* for his warlike rage
 As much extoll'd as *Calepas* for his chaumes,
 Or *Telemachus* *Ajax* by his arms:
 As for his Chariot skill *Antomedon*,
 So great in Love shall I be censur'd on.
 Canonize me your Poet, give me praise,
 And crown me my Temples with fresh wreathes of
 bayes:

Let this my layd in every mouth be song,
 And my fame elanger though the whol earth rong
 I give you era our, such god *Vulcan* fram'd,
 As great *Achilles* he his enemies nam'd,
 And so do so, but what losse he be,
 That by my armes subdues his enemy:
 This *Mars* & he him give, to heres a *Lafie*
 But aid my arms *Mars* conquer'd was:
 Set old young *Witbes* likewise craue my skill
 They shall be next instructed by my quill.

FINIS.

THE



THE THIRD BOOKE.

Arm'd at all points, the Greeke to field is gone,
 To encounter with the naked Amazon;
 Behold like weapons in my power remain.
 For the *Penthesilea* and hy traine,
 Go arm'd alike, fight and they overcome,
 Whom sacred *Venus* fauours and her sonne:
 It were not meet poore naked girls should stand,
 To encounter men provided hand to hand.
 To conquer at such odds 'were shame for men,
 Oh but some say, why *Quid* should they pen
 Put poyson into snakes, or giue to keape,
 Vnto the rauenous *Woolfe* a fould of sheepe.
 Oh for some few offenders do not blame,
 All of their Sex, let not a generall shame:
 For some few fakers their whole brood inherit,
 But euery one be censured as they merit.
 Although the two *Strikes* hath their liues,
 Endangered both by falshood of their wiuers;
 Though false *Eriphyle* her husband sould,
 To *Polytes* for a chaine of gould:
 Yet did the faire *Penelope* liue chaste,
 While twice five yeares her royall Lord did waite

In bloudie battels and as many more,
 Wandring through euery sea and vnkowne shore
 So did the chaste *Phyllacides* and she,
 That partner of her husbands grieft to be,
 Went with him as his page a tedious way;
 And in the trauell died before her day:
 Oh happy *Phereides* thy wife.

From death redeemed thee with her owne life:
 Receiue me oh you flames did *Iphias* cry,
 And with my buried husband let me die,
 And with that word she skips into the fire,
 All faire endowments that we can desire.
 Raigne in a womans breast no maruile then,
 They with adorned vertues please vs men:
 But these chaste minde, my art inioyneth not,
 A softer saile will serue to gulde my boate:
 Nothin; but wanton loue flowes from my braines,
 How pretty wenches may scape men traines
 A woman neither flames nor swords will shun,
 But through them both: vnto her sweet heart run
 So will not men, poore girles by them are scott,
 Many times men faile, maides sometimes, not oft
 False *Iason* left *Medea* and her charmes:
 To chaspe another Mistis in his armes.
 As much as in thy power false *Theseus* lay,
 So right *Ariadne* was a wofull pray:
 To the Sea foules and Monsters left alone,
 In a remote place friendlesse and vnkowne,
 Many vncertaine waies hath *Phyllis* gone,
 Being forsaken of her *Demophoon*.
 And though *Aeneas* had no surname good,
 He left his sword to let our *Dido* blood:
 But what destroy you Ladies can you tell,
 You know not how to loue or fashion well,

Your thoughts] to art, Loue artles stands vnure,
 Art with loue tempered is strong to endure:
 Nor should you know it now, but that the Queene
 Of sacred Loue was in my vision seene:
 And straitly charg'd me that I should impart.
 To all the Sex the secret of my art.
 For thus she spake how haue poore maides misdone
 That against armed men mult naked run.
 Two books haue giuen men weapons in their hands
 The whilest our fearefull Sex vnarmed stands:
 He that rebuk'd *Therapies* lewd desire,
 Since song her praises to a sweeter lires
 Thy selfe examine, canst thou do them damage,
 To whom in time thou maist perform due homage
 This hauing said she tooke from off her brow,
 A mirle wreath, for in a mirle bow,
 Her haire was twisted vp and gaue to me,
 Of leaues and seeds a litle quantitie.
 Strait in my braine I felt a power diuine,
 Whilst in the place a purer aire did shine;
 And all the cares that hung vpon my heart,
 Euē at that instant I might feele depart.
 My wits at ripest, are wenches come thicke,
 Receiue my precepts whilst my wits are quicke;
 First thinke how old age hourly doth attend:
 To steale vpon thee so be sure to spend.
 No season idly, thou art young then play,
 Yeares like the runing water, glide away
 Thou canst not stay the floods it streames so fast,
 Nor pull the houres backe when they are past;
 Make vse of time for time is swift and fleet,
 Nor can the following good be all so sweet:
 As the first pleasure was, haue I not seene,
 This now a withered stake once fresh and greene:
 From

From that bare throwne within these many howers
I had a chaplet of sweet smelling flowers:

The time shall come when thou that dost exclude,
Such louers from thy doores as would intrude,

Shall on an empty pillow through thy head,
Stretching thy stiffe limmes on a frostie bed:

Nor in the night shalt thou be rais'd vp late
By such as knock and thunder at the gate.

Nor in the morning when the cocke hath crowed,
Find porch and threshod. with fresh roses strowed:

Aime how soone doth the cleare colour fade,
How quickly wrinckles in thy skin are made.

Looke on thy looke and thou wilt sadly sweare,
Age hath too soone snowed on thy golden haire:

Snakes through their age of when they chang their
skinne,

Harts when they cast their heads fresh strength
begin:

And's giuen to them, when that in age ye grow
Ye haue no heads to cast no skins to throw,

Your good flies helples, therefore pluck the flower
Which being gathered withers in an hower:

In many childe birth age is quickly crept,
Fields soone grow leane, that so often reapt.

You see *Endinion* by the Moone Iou'd st. II,
Nor doth she blush thereat and by thy wilt

Aurora thou would euer haue the name,
Of *Cephalus* thy deare, nor thinkst it shame.

And to conceale thee *Adonire* whose hearse
Venus her selfe hang many a tragicke verse,

Tell vs by whom you Queen-borne of the sea.
Had you *Aeneas* and *Hermione*.

Oh mortall generation follow these.

And practise after them being goddesses:

Do not deny your ravishing pleasures when,
 They are besought you by desirous men.
 Tell me what loose you by it, what thou hast,
 Thou art possesse of still, and feelst no wast:
 Take thence a thousand sweets be not affraid,
 Thou keepest thy owne, and nothing is decai'd.
 Stones are by vse made soft, iron worne to drosse,
 That neuer weares and therefore findes no losse:
 Who will deny vs at a torch being light,
 To light a taper till it burne as bright.
 Or who would striue in their owne power to keepe,
 All the spare billowes in the vastie deepe:
 Yet will a woman pleade her loue is rare,
 And in her plenty she hath nought to spare.
 Oh tell me why so strange a doubt thou mak'st,
 Dost thou but loose the water that thou takest;
 I speake not this to prostrate every one,
 But lest you leaue vaine losse where losse is none.
 Now greater gusts my swelling saile must straine,
 Being from the shoare new lancht into the maine:
 First with their neatnes I begin, the vine
 Well trim'd and prunde affords vs choise of wines
 And in a field well till'd the corne growes tall,
 Shape is the gift of God, none amongst you all,
 But in their shapes take pride, nay there be many
 Proud of their fauour when they scarce haue any.
 Proportion euen the greatest number want,
 But rare supplies where nature hath been scant:
 Care makes the face, the face a while neglected
 Will grow to ruine, and be nought respected,
 The Virgins of the old time had this care,
 Their bodies and their beauties to repaire
 Else had the men of former ages spent,
 Their yeares without their wonted ornament.

If you behold *Andromache* go clad,
 In manly robes, no marvaile, for she had
 A souldier to her husband, if you see
 The wife of *Ajax* iet it valiantly,
 Nor marvaile, for she was his wife that bare,
 A shield of seauen ox-heads thick tan'd with haire.
 The world was plaine, simple, and rude of old,
 But now abundant *Rome* doth flow with gold:
 And shines in glory with the bright reflection,
 All the worlds wealth is vnder their subiection:
 Behold the Capitall and thou wilt say,
 In these great *Ioue* hath choos'd to dwell for aye:
 This gorgeous Court & Counsel house was framed
 Out of meere stubble when king *Latine* raigned.
 These gorgeous Pallaces that against the Sunne,
 Did glitter and shine when they first begun:
 A pasture for draught oxen: let them ease, (please
 Their thoughts with ancient times whom old times
 I thanke the gods I in this age was borne,
 These times my humour fits, old dayes I scorne.
 Not because gold in the earths vaines are sought,
 Or shels, or stones, frō forraigne shores are brought
 Not because marble from the hills is dig'd,
 Or voyage-ships to vnkowne seas are rigd.
 But because rudnesse to the gates is sent,
 And this our age is full of ornament,
 Hinz in your eares bright stones, but not to deare
 Such *Izidres* cast vp and are sold you here:
 Neatnesse we loue, your haire in order tis,
 To keepe in within Law thy hands apply:
 Thy hands misshape keepe still, and by her care,
 Thou must oreseeme, deformed or woundrous faire
 Nor is there onely one kind of attire,
 The fashion that becomes thee best desire,

Proue every shape, but ere it current passe,
 See thou before take counsell from thy Lasse.
 A long and leane visage best allowes,
 To haue the haire part iust about the browes:
 So *Laodemeia* firnamed the faire,
 Vsed when she walk'd abroad to trusse her haire.
 A round plump face must haue her trammels tied
 In a fast knot about her front to hide:
 The wier supporting it whilst either eare:
 Bare, and in sight vpon each side appeare.
 Yon Ladies locks about her shoulders fall,
 And her loose ware becomes her best of all:
 So *Phæbus* look't when last he toucht his Lute,
 That other Lady doth her habit suite,
 With chaste *Diana* being trickt to go,
 To strike the savage bore or tameless Roe.
 She when her haire hangs loose hath greatest pride
 This best becomes her when her locks are tyed:
 Yon when her head tire is like a tortoise shell,
 Is roost and raued well be seemes it well:
 More leaues the Forrest yeelds not from the trees,
 More beasts the Alpes breed not, nor *Hibla* bees:
 Then there be fashions of attire in view,
 Euery succeeding day adds something new.
 Many become their tires best when they wear e:
 In stead of spruces a neglected haire:
 And being comb'd but now yet thou shalt say,
 Her haire hath not been toucht since yesterday.
 Art doth much change, so did *Atides* see,
 Iolattired, and said this wench is for me,
 So *Iuallis* whom the god of grapes commended,
 When by his shouting *Sa ires* being attended:
 He found her plac'd locks by the cool wind shifted
 With scatterred haire her to his coach he lifted.

How

How much oh nature are we bound to thee,
 That findes for every grieffe a remedy.
 And as our shapen and colour suffer crosse,
 Yet thou hast in thee to repaire that losse.
 Say that by age or some great sicknes had,
 Thy head with wonted haire be thinly clad:
 Falling away like corne from ripened sheaves,
 As thicke as *Boreas* blowes downe *Autum* leaues.
 By *Germane* yearbes thou maist thy haire restore,
 And hide the bare scalpe that was bald before,
 Women haue knowne this art, and of their crew,
 Many false colours buy to hide the true.
 And multitudes, yea more then can be told,
 Walke in such haire as they haue bought for gold;
 Haire as good Marchandize and growne a trade,
 Markets and publicke trafficke thereof made,
 Nor do they blush to cheapen it among
 The thickest number and the rudest throng.
 Nay euen before *Alcides* sacred flames,
 And in the presence of the vestall Dames
 To leaue their haire, and speake of their attire
 I do not trauels or purfled guards desire.
 Nor robes of blussh scarlet prized hie,
 Whose wooll is twice dypt in the *Tirian* dye:
 Looke but abroad and thou maist in a trice,
 Find lighter colours and of farre lesse price.
 Were it not madnesse thou in scorne of lacke,
 Should wear at once thy whole wealth on thy back
 Behold the colour of the azure aire,
 When in a cloudles day the skie is faire:
 And the South wind bring on the earth no showers
 As once it did what time one flow deuours.
Phrixus and *Hellis*, such a colour chuse,
 'Tis neat, and cheape, but costly dyes refuse:

To helpe
 defects of
 nature.

That prettie colour intimates the waues,
 And from their sea Greene drops a name it craues
 In this the young *Nymphes* went apparl'd most,
 This saffron immitates of no great cost,
 And yet she goes attired in saffron weeds,
 That eury morning decks faire *Phobus* steeds
 Else such a dye as *Paphian* myrtles yeeld,
 Or purple *Ametheflos* or a field:
 Where nothing saue the milkewhite roses grow,
 Or of that hew the *Thracian* *Cranes* do show
 Let not faire *Amarilles* wanting be,
 Thy ackhornes or thy bloomes of *Almond* tree,
 All these of seuerall colours iuice be full.
 And with the seuerall colours staine the wooll;
 So many sundry flowers as the fresh spring.
 In spite of winters horrid rage doth bring.
 To decke the earth with full so many hues.
 The thirstie earth doth drinke and none refuse.
 Mongst which faire women out of your affections,
 Choose them that shall become best your comple-
 She that is browne let her attire be white, (*Chor.*)
Brius ware a Robe of colour light.
 When she was rauisht others that are faire,
 Let their attires be black as *Sables* are,
 Swarthie *Andromed* ware a milke white smocke,
 When she was tied halfe naked the rocke.
 Lest you be seene so let no ranknes grow,
 Betwixt you armes and shoulders let none show.
 Of rough and ragged hairs there may appeare,
 Vpon your legs and thighs but not to neare:
 I do not teach young maids by *Caucase* bred:
 Or such as drinke of *Rifus* but in sted
 Of barbarous tiuls to you braue girles of *Rome*,
 Do I direct my phrasc, and to your dome.

fide
 of attire
 their
 passions,

I now instruct you then your teeth to treat,
 Left in their vse some furdnes they do get:
 To wrince your mouthes in water you haue wit,
 To appchend my words betimes to fit:
 And in the morning take away the slime,
 Which makes the white teeth subiect to such crime:
 Let such whose blouds are blacke and swart,
 Whom nature reads not, make them red by art:
 Art likewise fills the wrinkles in the browes,
 A skinne of died red leather art allows,
 To rub your faces with, nor hold it shame,
 To kindle in your eyes a sparke of flame,
 It may be done with saffron, which like corne,
 Grows near bright *Cyduas* wheras thou wert borne:
 I haue a little booke in substance small,
 And yet a worke of weight writ to you all,
 The Treatise is vnto your generall graces,
 How you by art may best preserue your faces:
 You whose rare beaunies haue receiud a scar,
 Seeke thence your helps, receipts there written are,
 You may there find how to restore your blouds.
 My art was neuer idle to your goods.
 Beware lest that by chance your boxes lye
 Vpon the table, and your Loues passe by:
 Throw them aside, art spreads her safest net,
 When she is with most cunning counterfet.
 Spill not thy drugs alike in euery place,
 They will offend such as behold thy face,
 Corrupting the beholder with such motion,
 As should he see thy garments stand with lotion,
 How doth the greasie franck woolls smell offend,
 Though we for it as far as *Athens* send,
 Yet is it good for vse, not before men,
 Vse thou Deares marrow good for medicin:

To keepe
 their teeth.

Chce hee.

Nor

Nor before men in presence rub thy teeth,
 They both are good, yet harsh to him that seeth,
 Many things which in doing we detest,
 Being once done they oft times please vs best:
 These stately pillars in iron caru'd and wrought,
 Were a confused rocke, this ring now brought,
 To that good forme, was once vnfashioned ore,
 The costly cloth thou wearest a rough sheepe bore
 The curious pitter of faire *Venus* was,
 Before the cutting an vnpolisht masse.
 Mind thou thy beauty when we think thee sleeping
 Thy hand, thy boxe, thy glasse their office keeping:
 Why should I know how thou art growne so faire,
 Shut fast the forge where beauties ioyned are.
 For many things there be men should not know,
 The greatest part of them if you should show.
 They should offend them much more not to shroud
 The doing, though the thing done be allowed.
 The golden ensignes yender spreading fare,
 Which waits them to the gorgeous Theater:
 See what thin leaues of gold foile guilde the wood,
 Making the columes seeme all massiv good:
 Yet are the audience of all sight debarred,
 Unill the shewes and sights be full prepared
 So in thy preparation marke this note,
 Still make thee ready in a place remote:
 Yet sometimes if they head be wondrous faire,
 Euen before men tis good to combe thy haire,
 The haire a beauty hath which much besets,
 Being tyed and wreathed in pleats & comely knots,
 But be not tedious in thy art applying,
 Be quick both in the fasting and vntying:
 Still when thou goest to dresse thy selfe be safe,
 I hate those sullen pettish things that chase

At euery idle crosse, who scratch and bite,
 And with their nailes and bodkins pinch and fight
 Wounding themselves in anger, rending, tearing,
 The wires, the tires, the ruffles which they be wear,
 She that is badly haired, let her before (ring,
 She dresse her selfe, set watch still at the doore,
 Vpon the suddaine 'twas my chance one day,
 To presse into the place where my sweet hart lay
 When wondring she vnwares was thrust vpon,
 Snatch vp her haire, and put the wrong side on.
 Like cause of shame let come vnto my foe,
 And such disgrace vnto the *Parthians* got
 A scalded breast, fields that no grasse will beare,
 Trees without leaues, and heads that haue no haire
 Are odious to the eye none of you three,
Europa, Leda, or faire Seneca.
 Were subiect to his want or me did need,
 The helpe of Physicke in this point to need:
 Nor *Hellen* thou whom with aduise ment deeper
Menelaus askes; the *Trojans* still doth keepe:
 The wanton wenches in full troopes passe hither,
 Good, bad, faire, foule, of all sorts flocke together
 And come to be instructed amongst which
 Oft times the faire be poore the foule be rich.
 And yet the fairest haue of me lest need,
 Theirs beuatie is a dower that doth exceed
 My precepts farre, the sea being calme and cleare,
 The secure Seaman all his sailes may beare.
 But when it swells and is disturb'd apart,
 The troubled Pilot must try all his art,
 Of euery little mole be thou not squeamish,
 'Tis hard to finde a face that hath no blemish.
 Yet shalt thou seeke to hide the least disgrace,
 Either in the proportion or thy face.

A lesson for
Dwarfs.

Remedy for
them that
be leane.

Pale.
Blacke.
Splay foots.

To slender.

Stubbed
hands.
Stinking
breathes.

Red toothed.

If thou beest short thy stature hide by wit,
Still sit, lest standing thou beest tooke to fit.
And stretch thy legs at length out in thy bed:
Lest that thy stature there be measured:
Loue Dwarfs, obserue my words I hold it meet;
To haue some garment throwne vpon thy feet;
She that is wearish and no clothes can fill,
Her double plated gowne must sit by still.
To make her portly whilest a robe vnbound,
From her two shoulders falls vnto the ground,
She that is pale, with purple staine her cheekes
She that is blacke the fish of Pharoes seekes.
A splay mishapen foote in white shoes hide
And let dried legs were a rich garter tide
Let such whose shoulder blades stand much in sight
Weare bolster'd gownes to make them seeme right
About a faint and slender body weare. (right)
A flannell swathband or warme stomacher,
Such whose fat hands are itchy in the ioynt,
Whē they discourse let them not vse to point, (stink)
You that haue stinking breathes must not speak fast
But helpe themselves by some good breakfast taking
Else chew a cloue the strength of it to breake,
Or keepe so ne distance of still when you speake
Or if thy teeth in wide vneuen ranks grow,
Or be they gag'd, black or too great in show:
Rot, lost, or that the fashion disagreeeth,
Beware of laughing, laughing shewes the teeth
Who would beleue this, wonder yet 'tis true,
Maides may be taught to laugh and to eschew
Vncomely mouthes and harsh tricks of the face,
In laughing is much vncomelines and grace:
Be moderate in thy fearing, there's a feate,
To be obseru'd in that make not to great.

The

The hallow pitsmith digs in every cheek,
 To hide thy gummes let both thy red lips meet.
 Nor do thou stretch thy entrailes by constraining
 Thy selfe vnto loud laughter neither taining
 A more familiar gesture with voice flat,
 Sound out a womanish noise I know not what.
 Lookes but on them that with loud yalling force,
 Anticke and peruerse laces what shewes worse
 And there is such a coile with wry mowthes kept,
 That whē they laugh, a man would swear they wept
 Many with vntun'd clamor hoarse and shrill,
 Ball as the slow Ass bayes out of the mill,
 What cannot art? women are taught to weepe,
 And in their lookes a sober forme to keepe
 To shape their eyes according to their passion,
 Both at what time they please, and in what fashion
 Is there not grace in hiping to be sound,
 To giue true words a forged imperfect sound:
 Robbing the tongue his office in some part
 When in deprauing words is sometimes art
 May that by my words my meaning scan,
 Or taught to speake lesse perfect then they can.
 Though these my words according to their worth,
 And these being read take other lessons forth:
 Come how with womanish pace to vse your gate,
 In euery step there is a kinde of state
 It is their ought that yet my art discouers,
 Which with more violence drawes or drues backe
 Hold you Ladies gate the rest out strips, (louers
 And with what cunning she doth moue her hips:
 And in the pride of steps how the cold wind
 Reuels her loose vailes before her and behind.
 As life the blushing wife of *V*ember paceth,
 Her full view'd legs at euery stride she graceeth.

*How to
weepe.*

*How to
lype.*

To go.

Long measured steps do fit the state of some,
 Others a moderate pace doth best become:
 As far as where the armes and shoulders parts,
 Appare thou bare to wound the amorous hart,
 Of wanton youthes, this fashion vnderstand,
 Longs to the faire, not such whose skins be rand.
 Such sights ere now haue made me I protest,
 To kisse her necke, her shoulders and her breast,
 The *Sirens* are Sea-monsters, whose sweet notes
 Draws to their tunes the wandring ships and boten
 And if their eares with wax they do not stop,
 They are charm'd to leape vp from the hatches top
 Song is a faire endowment, a sweet thing,
 A praisefull gift then woman learn to sing,
 Hard fauord girles by songs haue wonne such gra-
 ces.

Their sweet shrill tongues haue prou'd bands to their
 faces.

Sometimes rehearse a speech brought from the play
 Or else peruse some poeme in thy way.
 Of Musicke I would haue thee know the skill,
 With thy right hand to vse a *Rebeck's* quill,
 Or with thy left a harpe when *Orpheus* plaid,
 The beasts, & trees, and stones to dances he made:
 And in his way to hell no fiend durst stirre,
 Nor tartar power, nor trip ple headed Cure.
 Thou that so iustly do thy mother punish,
 Didst by thy Musicke skill the world astonish:
 In those sweet walkes that were by Musicke reard,
 By euery such sweet harmony is heard:
 The armed *Dolobin* is by nature mute,
 Yet did he lift *Arion* to thy Lute.
 Learne Musicke then and hope to play vpon,
 The double handed sweet *Psaltirion*.

Reade Poetrie the workes of *Cous* seeke,
 Or great *Callimachus* that writ in Greeke
 The laboured lines of *Bacchus* Poet get,
 Read what lasciuious *Sappho* else both writ.
 For what more wanton workes then *Sappho* liues,
 See what delight to the *Propertius* glues
 Or if thy further leasure serue thee looke,
 In *Gallus* workes, or in *Tibullus* booke.
 Or *Varro* that of *Phrixus* and his neece,
 The Legend writ, and of the golden fleeces
 Or read *Aeneas* banishment from *Troy*,
 Th'originall of *Rome*, *Rome* doth enioy:
 No bookes more famous, haply to my grace,
 Some one may say thou *Ouid* hast a place.
 Amongst the rest thou and thy lines may sound,
 To aftertimes, not be in *Sethe* drown'd.
 Some one may say perchance our Master read,
 The booke he last drew with a double head
 Or those three bookes which he *Amor*um calls,
 Entitling them of loue which of them falls,
 Into thy handling first that do thou choose,
 And louingly my louing lines peruse,
 Or with a composd voice my *Cantons* sing:
 The vse of these Loues mistris first did bring
 To other yet vnkowne oh *Phæbus* graunt,
 Graunt this you gods whom sacred Poets haunt.
 With their oblations, grant these powers deuine,
 Thou god of grapes, and you oh *Muses* nine:
 Who doubts but I would haue you learne to dance
 Measure and Galliards shall your name aduance,
 Command your armes and hands that they agree,
 Vnto the motion of the foote and knee.
 In mouing of the body hand and side,
 The commicke Actor cannot take more pride.

Not

To game.

Not vse more art the comlinesse of either,
 Co. vntres, and I compare them both together
 Learn eueryall sports, but on your Poet shames,
 To bid you be experienc'd in some games,
 Yet long they to my art then be not nice,
 To learne to play at cockall or at dice:
 How to cast lot and chanches which to guesse,
 To play at draughts at tables or at chesse
 To vse a racket or to toss a ball,
 At set game, or at that we bandy call:
 To passe the night at balliards till eleauen,
 At picapandie, cards, or odd or euen,
 Play prepares loue, your skill is not so needfull,
 As ought to be your lookes and carriage heedfull,
 Your greatest cunning is with art to frame,
 The gesture and the countenance in your game:
 Game makes vs earnest if we play with care,
 Then with our open thoughts our breasts lie bare,
 And strait we brawle and scold a grievous staine,
 Oh these be monstrous faults to chide and raile,
 Or to blaspheme the Gods when our lucke faile:
 To vow to sweare, with protestations deepe
 And in the heate of play to fret or weepe.
 Great Ioue himselfe from you such crimes expell.
 Who couet suitors and to please them well
 Natures these triuall sports to woman lends
 A freer scope of pastimes she extends.
 By much vnto vs men, for so we may
 Scourge tops, sling darts, and at the football play
 Vault, ride, and teach the horse to trot the ring,
 Frequent the Fence schoole, practise armes, leape
 Nor can you march or muster on the sea, (spring
 Or like the Merchant venturer go to sea:

Walke may you sometimes vnder *Pompens* shade,
 To *Phobus* pallace to the place was made:
 For nouall triumph to the *Memphian* sawne
 To the goatfield where chariots are still drawne,
 To the warme bleeding alter, some preferre,
 Before all these the three braue *Theaters*:
 Thus couet to be seen, vnseen, vnproud,
 What is not viewed and knowne, cannot be lou'd,
 What profit were it to haue beauctious been
 If my admired face were neuer seen:
 Say you more stilde in shapen then *Orpheus* were,
 Or *Thamiras*, such if men cannot beare.
 How should your musike please; *Apelles* painted,
Venus in *Cos* else her fame had fainted,
 And died in *Lethe*, he redcem'd her name,
 What hunt the sacred Poets for but fame,
 Onely for fame their labouring spirits they send,
 Of all the vov'es fame is the scope and end.
 But see what alterations rude times brings,
 Poets of old were the right hand of Kings,
 Large were their gifts, supream was their regard,
 Their meeted fames with fear and reuerence heard,
 Honour and state: and sacred maiesty
 Along'd to such as studied poetry:
 Thus by *Scipio* that great man was sought,
 And from the mountaines of *Calabria* brought.
 Honour'd now the luy garland lyes:
 The ancient worship done to Poets dyes.
 But we should strue our owne fames to awake,
 For a liuing lasting worke did make:
Uladis call'd, else who had *Flame* knowne,
 And *Danae* in her tower an old wile growne,
 Neuer vnto publicke view resorted,
 Had her beauty being so farte reported.
 You

The dignitie
 of Poets.

You that applause would for your beauties win
 Be oft abroad, and keepe not too much in:
 At the full folds the she Wolfe seeks her pray,
 Though amongst all she steales but one away,
 Iesus bird the Eagle when she soares most high,
 To seaze on fowle doth at the Couy fly.
 Frequent you faire ones, where men may you see,
 Mongst many one best part will fancy thee
 In euery place where thou shalt hap to sit, (ge
 Loose none by frownes whom thou by smiles mist
 The bow of Cupid neuer stands vnbeent,
 And sometimes things fall by accident.
 Be thou prepar'd, hang alwayes out thy hooke;
 For in that stream where thou no fish wouldst looke
 A fish by chance may bite, oft haue I seene (beene
 The wand'ring hound range where no game had
 And harm that scaps the chace whe no mā misse the
 Fall in the toyles and there the keeper findes thee
 What hope hadst thou *Andromeda* being bound,
 Vnto a rocke a louer to haue found:
 Being prepar'd for death beset with feares,
 Blubbed thy cheeks, thy eye quite drown'd in teares
 At buriall of one husband well I wote,
 Another husband hath been oft times got,
 Weeping for him thats lost, may hap to grace thee
 And in the bosome of a second place thee,
 But in your choyle especially beware,
 Of such effeminate men as starch their haire
 Prank vp themselves, who lipe and cannot leane
 Loue complements and use to smell of Ciuit:
 They haue a thousand loues what they protest,
 To thee they'll do as vnto all the rest,
 Unstaid such be, and what will women say, (th
 When in their thoughts men are more light the

Scarce will they credit me, and yet tis true,
 They had yet Robb, and Idius beene in view,
 Had every thing beene swald as *Phrygian* foale,
 But good advise they leaue, fond counsell take.
 There are who vnder shew of loue to fame,
 And by such passage seeke dishonest gaine:
 Let no mans haire deceiue with powders sweete,
 Nor studded girdles which are short and meete:
 Nor these fine womens coates, a sightly thing,
 Nor that each finger beares a golden ring.
 Perhaps who in this kinde most gallant goes,
 Is a close theefe, and loues nought but your clothes
 Some Maids thus roab d, so loud cry for their owne
 That all the towne and country heares their mone
Venus whose golden thines at *Apian* stand,
 And *Pallas* laugh a good these firifes in hand:
 There are some Maides to sure but of bad fame,
 Who oft deceiu'd are thought to vse the same.
 On learne by others plaints to heare your owne,
 Ope not your ears to men whose frauds are known
 Beleue not *Thesens* *Athens* though he sweare,
 The gods can heare no more then they heare.
 And thou *Demonion* *Thesens* faithhood hate:
Philis deceiu'd stonies trust by speecche's faire,
 If men makes promises then maides make you.
 If men performe, performe your vowed ioyes too,
 Now Ile come nearer, Muse, take faster hold
 Nor loo'e thy fear the wheels though Twisly rold
 Men frame them, see *Asius* vbowes some else where
 Let some man take their route, for it were fit (write
 Look on them, read them, do the words then gather
 Whether he faile, or lues intirely rather:
 After some while write backe euer dayes
 Inflames a Louer, so no tedious dayes.

Louers
 loyalty in
 many.
 Seuerall
 passages

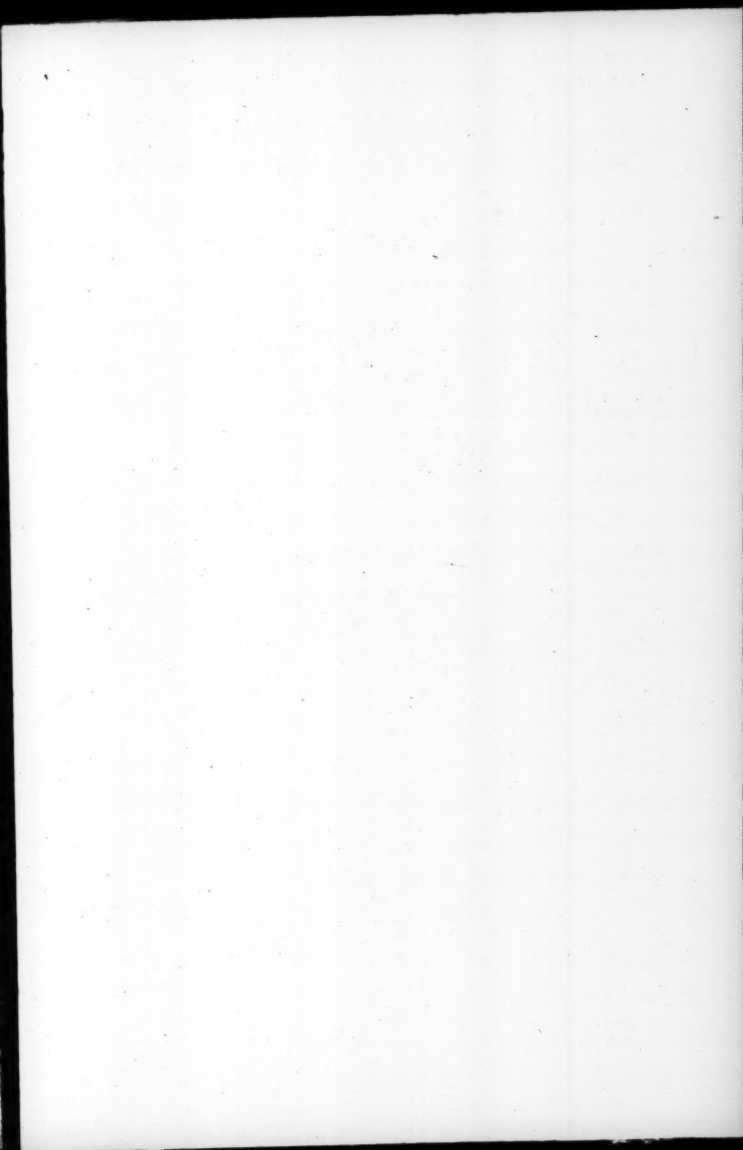
Shew not the plaint, to the youth denies.
 Nor yet denie him what by suite he plies
 Let him both feare and hope by euerie letter,
 Be his fearelesse, his hope comes sure and better.
 Be your phrase pure, but common vsuall words,
 In speech the plainest stile best grace affords:
 Full oft, ambiguous words loue so misplace,
 And a foule tongue hath hurt a beauntious face:
 But since although you yet not married be,
 To go beyond yemen that care take ye.
 By maides or some knowne lad your letters send.
 And to no strange young man tokens commend.
 I haue scene some maides so terrified with this,
 That euen after they were slaues I wisse,
 Faithlesse he is who keepes such tokens backe.
 And burns like ~~fire~~ till hoope the packe
 Trust me, we may with fraud quite fraud againe,
 From force to shield, from force the laws maintaine
 One maide must vie her selfe to many hands
 Ill might he speed whose shifts this rule commands
 Deface the old scale when you do reply,
 And to one writing but one hand apply.
 subscribe your letters thus, thine in all loue,
 Be his, as he was yours, this art approue,
 If from small things we may to greater go,
 And in our ship spread our full saile to show.
 It longs so beauty to haue manners milde,
 Sweet pace fits women, fierce rage sauage wilde.
 Rage swels the face, the vaines makes blacke with
 The eyes blase ghastly like sell Go go; brood (blood
 Away quoth she I prize not feature so,
 Pallas should view her face, where waters flow:
 And should you looke your anger in your glasse,
 You wold scarce discern your visage whose it was.

Pride.

Poet.

Nor do we lesse blame proud and loutie lookes
 Gentle and humble eies are Cupids hookes.
 We men do hate this ouer-weening pride,
 Shew in the silent face, trust him hath tride.
 View him views you, if men then women smile,
 Signes made to you, make signes, 'twill men beguile.
 Thus whiles he playes before with headles dart,
 Cupid hath after wounded to the heart.
 We hate men said *Ajax*, *Tremessa* take,
 We merrie *Greeks* blith wenches sweet harts make.
Andromache, *Tremessa* all your state,
 Could not moue me to chule you for my mate.
 Take gifts of rich men who do law professe,
 Give him no fee, be his client, need the lesse.
 We that make verse, let us send onely verse,
 Our hearts are pliant, whole loue soon doth pierce.
 We spread abroad sweet beaume lasting praise,
 We *Nemesis*, we *Camebeas* honour raise.
 The East and West land knew Iou'd *Licous*,
 And many aske who our *Cormina* is.
 Besides we Poets from all frauds are free,
 And forward manners by our Poetrie.
 Nor honour vs, nor loue of money please,
 We slight our games for prinacie and ease.
 Soone are we caught, our loues burn fierce & bold
 And where we loue we know so well to hold.
 So 'tis we soften nature by meeke art,
 And as our studies, so our loues take parts.
 In fauour Maidens, a blest Poeta will,
 Heauens power we haue, the Muses owne vs still.
 A God is in us we comme, ce with loue,
 The spirit in vs boue your bright stars doth moue.
 To looke for money from vs what a crime,
 And yet no Maidens do feare it in our time.

At first be not so eager, faine beware,
 A novice louver lights an open snare;
 Nor do we rule a horse new broke to backe,
 With the same raines as he that's skild to racke;
 To catch one Maid in yeares, and a briske swaine
 Must not one way, may not one course beaine
 Hee's rude, and in loutes tents nere scene before,
 Who as a new pray touch'd thy chamber deore,
 Who knows no Maid but thee, none else wold know
 This corn would be hatched that it may grow
 If one, he is thy owne, no rivalls frowne,
 Two things admits no mate, Love and a Crowne
 That ancient souldiers wife and lusty lout,
 And much that younger scorns hee weakly prove
 He'll breake no posts, nor burne with furious fire
 Nor scratch his mistris soft cheeks in his ire,
 He'll teare no clothes, his Lovers nor his owne
 Nor shall his torne haire give him cause of mone
 These things fits youths, whose love as age is hot
 This beares harsh wounds gently as they were not
 Old men burne lustily like a torch that's drie,
 As woods from heath cut downe when first they lie
 Old mens love sure, youth short, but fruitfull made
 Maides pluck those fruites betimes, betimes while
 I say yeeld vp all, ope the gates to our foe. (to de
 That faith from faithlesse treasure once may flow
 What's easie granted, long love cannot, feede
 (Deniall seeth) our sports must oft proceede
 Let them walke at the gate cry cruell core,
 Do humbly much, but in their threats much more
 We loath these sweets, bitter love makes him new
 The winde oft drown'd the ship by which it flew
 Tis this makes men their wives to slight so still
 They are ready prest when ere their husbands will
 Le



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the Malde run and cry we are vndone,
 and hide the sacred vouch till feare be gone
 et sport him midst these feares lest he misprise,
 our night's nor so much worth such feares should
 had like to passe by what art to deceiue. (rise
 our husband and fly keeper to berrau
 iues feare your husbands, who must keepe you in
 is firme by law right modestie hath him.
 er to be kept whom late reuenge hath wrought,
 ho can endure to avoid these meanes be sought,
 many keepe thee as had *Argos* eyes,
 thou wilt out thou shalt defeate with lyes
 oull say your keeper doth withstand to write,
 ke water for your selte what time you might,
 hat can the keeper when the Cines fill,
 f plaies and Maides see horses run that will.
 hen she will, a maide complaines her head,
 nd faining sicke, hides home she will in bed:
 hen the false key tells plainlie what is done,
 nd to her chamber are more waies then one.
 esides a keeper may be sox, with wine,
 rest from the grapes of Spaine, and so made hine
 nd there be drugs, which can cause a sound sleep,
 nd shut the eies fast drencht in *Lethe* deepe,
 ou know Maides to May quicklie finde some way
 y long made sports to hold him in delay.
 ut what need I for to go farre about,
 hen one small gift may buie the keeper out,
 ists trust me do appeare both gods and men,
 y gifts euen *Joue* is pleased now and then.
 hat do the wise since fooles in gifts delight,
 ue, and the husband sayes nought, say he might
 ast bought thy keeper once hes thine for euer,
 he helpe he once affords heele faile thee neuer.

To deceiue
 the most
 watchfull
 keeper

I blam'd companions now it comes to munde,
 The hurt by it not men alone do finde.
 Belov'd me, other Maides thy ioyes may taste,
 And others with thee hunt the Hare as fast,
 The wench that sweepes the chācer makes the bed
 With sports of lone hath more then once bin sped
 Let not your waiting Maides be over faire,
 Their Mistris place by them supplied are.
 Where run I Madman, naked against my foe,
 And ope those ports that may me overthrow
 The birds teach not the Fowler how to take them,
 The Harts teach not the dogs to run & shake them,
 Looke too't that need my taske Ile do indeed,
 Though 'tis to lend a sword to make me bleed:
 'Tis easie to make vs think we are belov'd,
 Their faith which to desire is quickly mov'd:
 Smile lovely on a youth, sigh from your hart
 Aske why he comes so late, a pretty art. (loue,
 Shed some few tears, faine grief for some close
 And teare your haire as doth your passions move,
 He is overcome fraite, pitty he will take,
 And say his care is onely for my sake
 If he be spruce, and looke faire in the glasse
 He'll thinke the gods loue him, let not this passe
 Who ere thou art be not thy worth so strong.
 Not rage not over much, hath he done wrong?
 Trust not too loone what art is in this case,
 Procris may be example haue you grace,
 Neare to Hymets hill a holy well,
 And a moist ground thick graft the ancients tell
 The wood, but vnderwood about this land,
 The Crab tree, Rosemarie, Bay, Myrtle stand.
 The thicke leau'd boxe, the Tamariske so small,
 Low shrubs, near Pines, ther do their nests grow all

The

The historie
 of Procris.

The descrip-
 tion of Hy-
 metus.

The gentle West wind and the healthfull aire,
 Blow all thole leaues & grasblads which are there:
Cephalus loued rest, his houes and men forgone,
 Weary in youth this ground oft sat vpon
 And thus he sings, thou which dost lay my heart,
 Age, my breast come gentle aire and beat.
 One ouer dutious told his fearfull wife,
 These words she heard, and so began the strife:
Proeris who for a strumpet tooke his care,
 Fell downe much moued with a suddaine feare,
 Looke how the vineleafe which you latest gather,
 She lookt so pale, or far more paler rather:
 And the ripe Quine-tree which doth bend his bows
 Or dog-tree fruite, which none for meate allows,
 Come to her selfe, her garments quite she tore,
 From of her breast, and made her breast all gore,
 And without stay in rage and hast she goes,
 Her haire about her necke like *Bacchus* froes:
 Being near the place, her mate she leaues behind,
 Steals slyly to the wood no feare in mind.
 'Tis thus thou thinkest now, who this aire should be
 And her dishonest tricks thine eie shall see:
 Her coming shames her now, she would not take her
 Yet now she's glad she's come, loue doubtfull makes
 The name, the place, the signe all these agree,
 And what the mind fears, that it thinks to be,
 Seeing the grasie so by some body prest.
 Her trembling heart knockt at her tender breast:
 Now the Mid-day had made the shadowes short,
 The eueing and the morne of equall port:
 Young *Cephalus* returns vnto the wood
 And cooles his face with water as he stood.
Proeris stand close, on the grasie he laies him fair,
 And cries aloud, blow west winde, come sweett aire

So soone as she had heard the cronious name,
 Her mind and her true colour to her came,
 She rises, with her body the leaues shake,
 In mind to *Cephalus* her way to take:
 He thought it some wilde beast, snatch vp his bow,
 His arrow in his right hand wont to shew.
 What dost thou wretch, 'tis no beast, stay thy dart.
 Alas, thy arrows pierce a woman's heart:
 She cry's out, thou hast stroke thy louing breast,
 Vpon this place thy wounds haue euer rest.
 I dye before my time, not wring'd in loue,
 This earth made me suspect thee light to proue,
 Aire take my breath, thee 'twas I did mistrust.
 I dye, close thou my eyes, lay me in the dust.
 She ended speech and life, and falling down,
 Her husband takes her last breath from the ground.
 He beares his dying loue in wofull armes,
 And wailes with tears so strange and deadly harmes.
 But let vs backe, I see I must be plaine,
 At the lost hauens that our ship may againe,
 You looke now to be brought vnto a cast.
 And that we teach you here as in the rest:
 Come late, but comely brought in by night.
 Thou shalt be welcome, so delay hath nought.
 Though thou be blacke thou shalt seeme faire to all
 The night will hide thy faulkes both great and small.
 Eate neatly with your fingers art commands,
 Wipe not thy whole face with thy dirty hands.
 Eat not to long, leaue ere you would torbeare,
 More then thou well canst do, this counsell beares:
 Were *Hellen* greedy *Paris* woul' her hate:
 And say: rape is foolish out of date,
 To drinke is comely: and more fit for you,
Bacchus doth well with *Venus*: this is true,

Drinke

my maides
 all haue
 em' lyes
 meate.





he, but yet not more then you well can hear
 what is one, let it not to appeare
 shamefull thing to see a woman drunke,
 that one is fit to be each base knaves punke.
 it is it safe to sleep the tables drawne,
 such shamfull things haue in your sleep bin lawne
 is shame to teach you more, yet *Diou* sayes,
 me is the chiefest abiect of these layes
 which know your selues as you your bodies see,
 to frame your lying in form that it may be
 whole face is beauteous she must lye vpright,
 whole backe is best that still must be in sight:
Antiques thighees vpon his shoulders wore,
Antiques be these best, shew thee the more.
 our Maides must ride, *Thetis* was long what long
 ere late on *Helen*s horse her pride among.
 she hath a long side, which shee haue in eye,
 her bend to her knees her necke awry:
 whose hidden paris haue not a fault or spot,
 euer sidelong pray forget it not.
 nor thinke it a disgrace your haire to loose,
 and then thy necke cast backward still to choose
 you that art ragged close and couered lye.
 and from mens sight like the swift *Parthian* fly:
 Loue hath a thousand wayes most void of pride,
 To lie halfe vpright on the right side.
Hellas, *Tripes*, nor horrid *Ammon* say,
 nor things more true then what are in our lay:
 there be truth in art got by long vse,
 beleue and trust, you'll finde it in our muse.
 Maides see you loue vs men, plucke from the root,
 one thing may help you and speed to boot: (sweet
 cease not faire words. cease not close whispering
 and wanton words must with your sports of meet.

Gestures in
 lying.

And

And thou who nature hath bard loines quick sence
Faine pleasant ioies though the things be from
thence:

Vnhappy Maide to whom that place is dull,
Which with a man and woman should be full.
Yet when you faine, beware, let none else know
For feare thy gesture or thy eyes may shew it:
What helpe the speech and shewes the breath is
That part hath secrets, shame would hide it still,
Who seeks a man after enjoyment straight,
Loving a gift would not her prayers had weight:
Ope not your windowes wide to rake in light,
Much in your bodies rather fits the night,
Our sport is gone, 'tis time the swaines depart,
Which on their necks as yokes haue drawn our a
As Men before, say Maides, when ye preuaile,
Quid our master was, his hart our faile.

FINIS.

conclusion
the work

